

The Listener

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Magnolia in bloom at Kew Gardens, Surrey

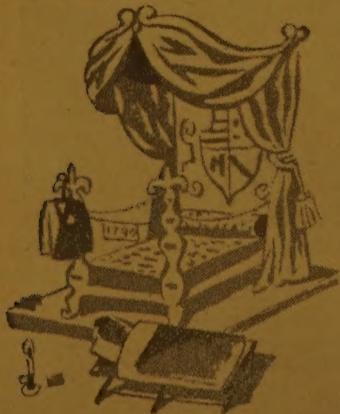
J. Allan Cash

In this number:

The Settlement of Wage Claims in Britain (a symposium)
Dr. Adenauer's Foreign Policy and Moscow (Terence Prittie)
Child Art: Birth to Maturity (Quentin Bell)



The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE



WEEKENDS AT WORTNY

It is really fairly essential to get asked to Welbroke-Cortenay (pronounced "Wortny") because not only do the people there have the most tremendous taste, but also everything is absolutely bang period—not just period of course but an actual period with a date which is practically almost even a day of the month. So DO NOT TOUCH. One or two snags of course. It is no bad idea to slip into your bag a tin of pressed beef: because the kitchens (1485) are only suitable for the preparation of larks' tongues, lampreys, boars' heads and oxen roasted whole—articles which the Co-op, to the apologetic annoyance of your hosts, are not invariably able to supply.

Bring own hot water bottles, because they hadn't been invented by any date which could possibly be admitted as a proper kind of date here. Similarly of course there are no ping pong tables, radio sets or bridge markers. No corkscrews, and the soap in the bathroom certainly is not of the modern kind. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course one can always sit, as long as one sits down very slowly indeed. It is perhaps worth pointing out that it is a good thing not to sit where one might think one was supposed to sit but only somewhere else in a rather bad light round the corner. And DO NOT TOUCH.

Of course it is rather wonderful to be able to choose the date of the room you sleep in. I always select the one with the bed you are actually able to use. This guest's maid's bedroom is 1788 marred by the restoration in 1789 of a chip out of the nose of the cherub supporting the mirror which was knocked off by an American Secession scent bottle thrown in a Georgian quarrel between a Bastille period husband and wife. So DO NOT TOUCH.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

The Listener

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Wages: A Symposium

I—Has the Annual Wage Claim Come to Stay?

By GEOFFREY GOODMAN

THERE is no doubt that the serious conflict over wages which a large section of industry is now experiencing is the most far-reaching test of principles—as well as of sheer strength—in the last twenty years. For the first time since the establishment of full employment a large and extremely important section of employers—the engineering and shipbuilding organisations—decided firmly and deliberately to call a halt to the annual cycle of wage increases. They felt the time had come to break with what had become a convention.

The reasons for the employers' decision are well known. The continual rise in labour costs has been reflected in the prices of their products, and this, they claimed, has been having a serious effect on the ability of British firms to compete in world markets. This view has been expressed in previous years. But this time the employers felt that the general economic conditions at home and the Government's price-stability policy made it imperative for them to act decisively. On the other hand the trade unions, with equal determination, felt they were once again entitled to pursue the annual round of wage claims—if for no other reason than to compensate for the rising cost of living which had eaten into the gains established by last year's wage increases.

Indeed, these annual wage claims, largely based on meeting the rise in the cost of living since the previous claim, have now become one of the facts of life; as much a part of the annual economic timetable as the Budget, and perhaps as important to the life of the nation. Over the past eight or nine years there has been an almost unbroken sequence, beginning with wages resolutions agreed by annual conferences of unions, followed by lengthy negotiations and then, perhaps, strikes or the threat of them. This has generally resulted in some form of compromise settlement frequently assisted by government intervention—and then the cycle has repeated itself all over again.

It is probably true to say that the annual round of wage claims as we know it today is the child of full employment. This is not to say that there were no yearly demands for more pay before the war. There were; but they operated in a completely different economic climate and are therefore hardly comparable. In the 'thirties, when there was a large number of unemployed, wage bargaining naturally tended to reflect the weak position of the trade unions. Employers could always keep wage

increases within the limits they themselves set. For some time prior to the war the unions, still suffering from the severe slump of 1929 to 1934, were struggling to regain lost ground, in both wages and membership. The engineers, for instance, even in 1937 were still trying to restore the 1931 cuts in piece rates.

It is true that there were annual increases in wages; in 1937 the overall average increase was some 4 per cent, while in 1938 it was about 1½ per cent. But increases varied widely between industries and some trades received no increase at all. However, with the war and the great demand for labour there began the quickening spiral of price-and-wage inflation; and this precipitated a complete change in the trade unions' attitude. The seeds of the annual wage cycle as we now know it were planted in the war and finally took firm root in the post-war policy of full employment. The last decade of job security has transformed the trade union movement and given it a new confidence. Today the unions regard it as their minimum duty to their membership to keep wages abreast with rising prices. Having secured a new status for the wage earner the unions have been understandably reluctant to exercise too much restraint on wage claims while prices were moving up. Even during Sir Stafford Cripps' experiment with wage restraint in 1948 to 1950 wages and prices were still chasing each other upwards.

Plainly it is not going to be possible to break this spiral without a determined effort. Short of heavy unemployment, which no one wants to see, it will be extremely difficult to halt the inflationary pressure to any marked extent without relating the whole question of wages to productivity. There must be periods of stability to allow the rate of productivity to catch up with expanding consumption. Unless the two are more closely related the spiral will go on. To my mind this is the key to the whole question of these annual rounds of wage claims. One cannot expect the trade unions to sacrifice their role as protectors of the living standards of their members; that is what the unions are there for. But what can be suggested is that the best method of protecting the workers' standards would be to seek a more ordered system of wage increases to replace the present policy of competitive claims which enter the queue each year.

There are already signs that both sides recognise the futility of con-

tinuing such a policy. But the problem is how to replace it while remaining free from direct state interference in wage determination. It is this search for a way round the annual wage claim that has led some employers to think in terms of longer-range contracts which could give industry the cost-and-price stability it is looking for in order to face foreign competition and to tackle constructive planning at home.

This type of long-term contract has already gained wide favour in American collective bargaining. A recent survey made by the United States Bureau of Labour Statistics shows that 65 per cent. of collective bargaining agreements are now for two years or more. This does not mean that the worker is unable to gain protection from rises in living costs. The American unions have agreed to these longer-term contracts because the employers have been willing to include not only cost-of-living sliding-scale increases, but, more significantly in recent agreements, an assured annual wage increase based on rising productivity. Thus the worker is protected against a fall in his real wages, and is assured an annual increase in real wages as a result of expanding output.

About 5,000,000 American workers—roughly one worker in every twelve—are now covered by this so-called 'annual improvement factor'. The interesting feature of these 'annual improvements'—which vary from 2½ per cent. in the motor industry to 5 per cent. in the paper trade—is that they are based on an assumed increase in productivity and not an established one. This means that management simply has to improve its efficiency in order to meet the new increase in labour costs, and equally it provides a considerable incentive for the trade unions to co-operate fully in achieving greater output. In effect, it acts as a stimulus to both sides of industry to work for greater efficiency. For a long time the American unions were as reluctant as the British unions to commit themselves to fixed agreements, which automatically tied wages to the cost of living. Their principal objection was that such a system would limit wage increases to mere cost-of-living adjustments, and so hold back the advance of real wages. But the annual improvement factor has overcome this snag: and under this new system all living cost increases and productivity wage increases are consolidated into the long-term contract whenever it comes up for revision.

When these two, three or four year contracts end, the two sides may press for a revision in the amount of the improvement factor according to their own assessment of the industry's future. The upshot may be a higher or a lower percentage in the new contract. The American unions employ their own business efficiency experts to check on the progress in each industry, so that union officials are armed with complete data on productivity when they enter negotiations.

There are a number of industrial agreements in Britain which allow for extended periods free from wage negotiation and which include cost-of-living sliding scales. Just under 3,000,000 workers are covered by such agreements, including the building workers, the steel industry, boot and shoe trades and printing. Ever since 1920 the boot and shoe industry has had national agreements lasting for two years with a 'built in' cost-of-living sliding scale. The workers approve this because it automatically compensates them for any increase in living costs and the employers gain since they can estimate labour costs fairly accurately for two years ahead. This ability to assess future commitments is a vital

factor in industrial planning and costing. Yet such long-term wage contracts are a rarity in Britain and we have nothing to compare with the American idea of automatic productivity wage increases.

It might be argued that the Americans can afford to do this sort of thing because they can count on increasing productivity while we cannot. Moreover if such wage increases were written into long-term wage contracts and failed to result in higher output then we should be back where we started—with a wage-price spiral. This is a danger, but I believe it can be overstated. Any normally efficient business should be able to register a fairly steady increase in productivity provided there is sufficient capital available to re-equip with modern machinery. The main reason for our recent relative stagnation has been the Government's curb on consumption and one hopes that this is only a temporary measure. There is no reason to suppose that, taking the longer-term view, Mr. Butler's estimate of our being able to double the standard of living in twenty-five years will be far off the mark, and this estimate, it is worth remembering, is based on a 3 per cent production increase per year.

If as yet, however, we cannot follow the American practice of assuming productivity increases surely there is no apparent reason why we cannot work on the basis of established ones. One may assume that some form of annual wage adjustment is probably inevitable under conditions of full employment. But that adjustment should be based not merely on a rising index of living costs but on a commonly acceptable index of productivity. Such an index would not be easy to devise and would obviously vary according to the nature and conditions of each industry. But few people can be in any doubt that there is tremendous scope within British industry for a dramatic advance in productivity. The initiative in such a drive must inevitably come from the management side. Naturally there will be problems to be faced with the trade unions. Yet there can be few trade union leaders in Britain today who would not be willing to sit down and work out a method of securing for their members a gradually improving pay packet with guarantees in return for co-operation over productivity. The unions have declared again and again that they will co-operate provided they get a fair share of the higher output.

There are hopeful signs at the moment that out of this year's wages crisis will come something constructive. The Transport Commission, for example, in its recent wage settlement spoke about the possibility of periodic wage reviews to get round the regular annual demand. Two of the three railway unions have shown that they are ready to discuss this idea. The engineering and shipbuilding employers want a period of stabilisation. A twelve-month wage standstill is in their minds. This proposal as it stands will obviously not satisfy the trade unions. There would have to be at least a cost-of-living sliding scale written into such an agreement before it could become acceptable.

It is plain that we have reached a watershed in our thinking about wages. No industrially developed nation like Britain, so dependent on export markets and the competitive nature of our manufactures, can afford the luxury of an annual showdown over wages: and I am convinced that the only alternative to this is the longer-term contract.

II—Is Nation-wide Bargaining Desirable?

By BEN ROBERTS

THE WAGES of more than 18,000,000 employees are now determined through voluntary collective bargaining or statutory wage fixing bodies. All told, more than 2,000 collective organisations of work-people and employers are involved in the negotiation of standards of employment. In the largest bargaining unit of all, the engineering industry, forty unions have combined in the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions to negotiate the basic wage rates of 3,000,000 work-people employed in 20,000 firms.

The desire for nation-wide collective bargaining stemmed originally from an ethical belief that a man should be paid the same rate for the exercise of particular skills wherever he might work. It was also firmly believed that the establishment of standard rates of wages would help to relieve employers from the competitive pressure to reduce costs by cutting rates in times of bad trade. Though there was much criticism of the trade unions, especially by academic economists, on the grounds

that a refusal to accept reductions in wages simply caused more unemployment, this view was not entirely shared by employers who had some interest in protecting themselves from reductions in wage costs by rivals.

It was the formation by employers of their own organisations, in response to the challenge of expanding trade unionism, that made the development of nation-wide bargaining possible. At first the trade unions were alarmed when the employers began to counter-organise, but they soon came to look upon this development favourably, since they realised that nation-wide bargaining could be achieved only when the employers' organisation matched their own. The first world war was the event which finally produced the transition from local and district bargaining to nation-wide bargaining. The wage problem had inevitably to be looked at from a national point of view and when the war was over the practice of making national settlements was firmly established.

Belief in the efficacy of nation-wide bargaining as the best instru-

ment that could be devised to resist the lowering of wage standards was consolidated during the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties. However, it is now almost twenty years since we experienced the economic conditions under which nation-wide bargaining was conducted during the inter-war period. Instead of persistent mass unemployment we have had, during the past two decades, a continuous excess demand for labour; instead of a tendency for wages to fall we have seen money wages rise at a rapid rate. But despite these changed conditions there has been little disposition so far on the part of either unions or employers to alter the pattern of collective bargaining. If anything, the vested interests of both sides in maintaining the established institutional arrangements for determining wages have become more deeply entrenched. But it is at last slowly becoming recognised—and the recent shipbuilding and engineering strikes will probably profoundly affect this process—that the present system of collective bargaining has been a factor of importance in the continuance of inflation; it has resulted in considerable problems of wage structure, and it has created serious organisational difficulties for the unions.

Monolithic Structure of Engineering

Some critics believe the answer to these indictments is a national wages policy imposed by an overriding authority that would supersede the existing method of wage determination. I cannot agree with this solution since I believe that it would in some respects worsen these difficulties, as experience in other countries has shown, and also it would provide no solution to the detailed problems of wage structure. It would be wiser, in my opinion, to seek a solution in the direction of slightly reducing the aggregate level of demand for labour by appropriate economic policies and in breaking down the monolithic structure of collective bargaining in the engineering industry, which after all is the key sector of our economy.

A nation-wide demand for, say, a 10 per cent. increase in pay for every wage earner in the engineering industry is based on a belief by the unions that every firm can afford to meet such an increase in costs. The negative attitude of the employers is conditioned by an equally over-simplified belief that no firm can really afford to pay more wages. Neither side is very willing to admit that great differences exist between one section and another of this sprawling industry; examples of high profits cited by one side and losses by the other are used as the basis of misleading generalisations which serve only to obscure the real issues and to confuse the ordinary public. Engineering is not one industry, though both the unions and the employers continue to treat it as one; it is many industries tenuously linked together by a common ancestry. It is clear from recent company reports that some sections of this conglomeration are exceedingly prosperous, while others have been going through a rather rough time. In other words, some firms could easily afford wage increases while others could not.

It may be argued that if every firm has to meet the same increase in wage costs the weakest will be squeezed out of business, and that by this process of attrition industrial efficiency will be promoted. There can be no doubt that the pressure exercised by rising labour costs is an important dynamic factor promoting industrial efficiency, but the case should not be overstated. Nor must only one side of the picture be looked at. If wages are to play their proper part in allocating labour to those sections of industry that are expanding they should rise relatively to wages in those sections of industry that are contracting. Simply to insist that every section of industry should increase its wage levels by the same amount, irrespective of economic circumstances, can only lead to further difficulties. The depressed sector will find itself unduly handicapped in its efforts to recapture demand for its products and the expanding sector will not get the labour it requires. The net effect of an overall increase in wages of more than 3 per cent. at present is almost certain to be a rise in aggregate wages greater than the rise we are likely to get in output. In these circumstances prices must go up. The only way this sequence of events can be prevented is by the Government pursuing such a deflationary policy that employers are compelled to reduce their activities; in other words to throttle the rising level of demand by bringing about an increase in unemployment.

A further objection to nation-wide bargaining is that it fails to take into account the wide differences in the remuneration of work people. The competitive demand for labour under conditions of over-full employment has led to the opening of a wide gap between the basic wage rate and the average level of earnings. Though employers, through their organisations, have fought every demand for an increase in the basic wage rate, they have, in fact, been prepared to put much more

than the basic wage into the pay packet by means of bonus schemes, overtime, weekend shifts, merit money, and other devices. As a consequence the structure of wages has often become completely distorted. It is not uncommon for workers of similar skills and capacities, in the same district and sometimes in the same firm, who are entitled to the same wage rate to be in receipt of earnings that differ by as much as 100 per cent. Naturally the man who is taking home little more than his basic rate of something over £8 looks with envy at his neighbour who has the luck to be enjoying plenty of overtime, Sunday shifts, and special bonus earnings. The result is that workers are constantly on the lookout for the 'gravy' rather than for a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. Personal incentives are important, but the extent to which overtime is relied upon as a means of securing a satisfactory wage may well be harming output as well as industrial relations.

Employers have been only too ready to buy more labour by these means regardless of the consequences and in spite of their opposition to raising the basic rates. This situation seems to leave the employer in a relatively strong position; the basic wage is ridiculously low and earnings are often astonishingly high. If trade slackens it is assumed that earnings can be cut back by reductions in overtime, weekend shifts, and premium pay. However, since wage earners like everybody else budget their spending according to their income, they naturally resist any reduction in their earnings. They oppose changes that might threaten the size of their pay packets, they elect militant shop stewards to protect them from any attempt to reduce the margins upon which they have come to rely. Thus friction is engendered and industrial relations suffer. Good management is not encouraged by this kind of situation, since it often leads to the tolerance of inequitable and inefficient bonus systems, to unnecessary overtime and weekend shifts, and, paradoxically, to a loose attitude towards labour costs.

Nation-wide collective bargaining, when it covers a range of industries as wide as those found in engineering, fails entirely to deal with these problems. All that is achieved by national agreements, in many cases, is simply the lifting of the whole structure of wage payments. The really urgent problems of wage structure and the method of wage payments, which are by-passed by national bargaining, can be adequately tackled only at the plant level.

It is at the place of work that the relations between unions and employers are least well organised. Because the main attention of the unions has been concentrated on nation-wide issues they have tended to leave problems at the workshop level to the shop stewards. The rôle of the union has often been little more than that of having a full-time official available to whom a dispute could be referred when it became too big to be handled by the steward. Left more or less to their own devices the shop stewards in the engineering industry have formed, in a number of instances, what amounts to an organisation of their own. The result is all too frequently friction within the plant and conflict within the union.

Redundancy Agreements

It is significant that British unions have made little effort to negotiate redundancy agreements. Agreements of this kind, which are of urgent importance, can only be negotiated effectively firm by firm. Again, we find the same weakness revealed in the sphere of joint consultation. Unions have paid lip service to the importance of joint consultative committees but they have done relatively little to ensure, from their side, that these bodies work efficiently at the plant level.

The case for some revision of the bargaining structure in the engineering industries is, I think, a strong one, particularly as both sides would benefit from it and the nation would be spared further strikes on the recent scale. But it does not follow that nation-wide bargaining ought to be abandoned in every instance. Some industries, for example railways, are sufficiently homogeneous to make uniform wage rates desirable. Moreover it is doubtful whether the unions and employers will be willing to accept the need for a new approach to collective bargaining. The leaders on both sides would see in such a change a danger that their organisations would suffer a reduction in power and that they themselves might lose personal prestige. But the latest dispute has placed both sides under a great strain and it is possible that there might be some breaking away from the federal bodies. This is more likely to occur among the employers than on the union side, since the employers are less tightly organised, though I think it would be true to say that a number of trade unionists might welcome changes in the present bargaining arrangements.

But if nothing is done, then the demand for more far-reaching

government intervention is bound to grow. One possible way in which the state might assist towards a more rational system of collective bargaining would be to follow the American precedent and establish a

legally enforceable national minimum wage. With the basic wage settled in this way, the unions and employers would be free to negotiate fair and efficient wage structures in appropriate bargaining units.

III—Can Arbitrators Have Principles?

By DAVID WORSWICK

TRADE UNIONS HAD to fight for recognition, but once this was achieved both employers and unions had a common interest in adopting agreed procedures for negotiation about wages and working conditions and for the settlement of disputes. These procedures and negotiations are voluntary: the sanctions for observing their terms are moral or social and not legal or political. Statutory wage fixing, by wages boards and councils, has in the main been used in this country to provide decent minimum wages in hitherto ill-paid industries where trade union organisation has been non-existent or too weak to be effective; but it was usually hoped in these industries that union organisation would ultimately become strong enough to allow statutory fixing of minima to be dropped, and wages to be negotiated in the ordinary, voluntary way.

Reversion to Voluntary Arbitration

If there is a dominant, or official, view on both sides of industry about how wages should be determined, it is that they are a matter for the respective parties in industry, to be settled preferably by negotiation on a basis of mutual confidence and understanding. Arbitration comes in here partly as a means of interpreting existing agreements, and partly to secure changes in wages without resort to strikes and lock-outs. During the second world war and until 1951 strikes and lock-outs were illegal, and when negotiation failed, arbitration was compulsory. But since 1951 we have reverted to voluntary arbitration. The whole tenor of the legislation setting up arbitration machinery is that it is a last resort to be invoked when negotiation has failed: in fact far more wages are changed by direct agreement than by awards after arbitration.

On this view of things the only principles an arbitrator can sensibly have are diplomatic ones. The job of the arbitrator, in the words of one writer, is 'to search for some solution which it would be to the advantage of both sides to accept: which in fact they might have found for themselves, if they had kept their tempers . . .', or, in the words of another writer who has an eye on the relative bargaining strengths of the contending parties, 'to award with much unction the lion's share to the lion'. If middle-class lambs bleat that the trade union lions get more than their share by this system, the answer is 'Get yourself organised, buy a lion's mane, and start roaring—like the doctors'. May I say that while for other reasons I welcome the extension of trade union organisation in the 'middle-class' occupations, it will not alleviate but rather exacerbate the problem we have to deal with.

There is a fundamental flaw in the whole of this approach to sectional collective bargaining; namely, the idea that the level of wages agreed is entirely a matter for the industry and of no concern to anyone else. In conditions of full employment collective bargaining is as much about what prices shall be charged for the products of the industry as it is about how the revenue of the industry shall be divided between wages and profits. What we have witnessed in recent years is movements of money wages, salaries and profits entirely disproportionate to the changes in real incomes, both absolutely and in relation to one another, that have taken place. I do not believe that getting a little more unemployment—by means of a credit squeeze, for instance—will stop this process. As to exports, it is argued sometimes that if our prices become too high for overseas buyers, we can always bring them down again by devaluation. I do not think that such a step would constitute a 'national disaster'—it is our currency of strong language in talk about wages which has become so debased—but I do think that devaluation has disadvantages which are worth making serious efforts to avoid.

All this suggests that it would be a good idea if we did have some principles for determining wages. I think it would. But many of those suggested will not bear close examination. First of all, consider the cost of living. Money wages, it is argued, ought to be adjusted when the cost of living changes. This would extend to all wages, and presumably salaries. In his reference to American practice Mr. Goodman appears to approve of this principle. I find it unacceptable. Either the cost of living is reasonably stable, in which case the problem does not arise:

or else it is rising sharply, in which case the principle simply makes automatic the wage-price spiral which now comes about *via* trade union pressure. I think the cost of living could be stabilised in Britain, now that world inflation seems to have largely spent itself. Besides wage costs in industry, the prices of imports and the margins of distributors at home are also major determinants of the cost of living, and more attention should be given to these factors. We cannot prevent fluctuations in world prices, but we can do much to dampen their effects on living costs at home by a judicious use of taxes and subsidies.

Even if the cost of living were stabilised there is a limit to the total increase in money wages which is possible in any period without destroying that stability. In the long run this limit is given (approximately) by the rise in physical productivity of labour in a fully employed economy. Hence the proposal that wage increases should be linked to productivity change. There is a confusion here. What I have said about productivity and money wages is a fact about the economy as a whole. It is a different thing to say that increases in a particular industry ought not to occur unless there is a rise in physical productivity in that industry. Suppose a given amount of capital and labour produces 200,000,000 tons of coal in a year. In the following year the same amounts of capital and labour, working in the same way, must produce less coal, simply because the extraction of 200,000,000 tons this year makes it a bit harder to get 200,000,000 tons next year. Ought miners' wages steadily to fall, simply because we are gradually using up our coal resources? The technical possibilities of raising productivity vary enormously between different industries: in certain kinds of manufacturing they seem to be almost unlimited—one thinks of automation—whereas in other fields, such as agriculture, distribution, and transport, while there is scope for increase, the scale is altogether smaller. Where a rise in productivity occurs through some technical advance it is not at all clear to me why the workers who happen to be in the firm or industry concerned should necessarily have higher wages. The situation is different where the workers themselves contribute to the rise. Extra effort is the obvious case and I see nothing wrong in principle in payment by results. Where, too, the rise in productivity entails special training, or sacrifice of leisure, or more difficult working conditions, greater reward would seem appropriate.

Profitability runs up against the same sort of difficulty. Profits may be high because management has been intelligent and far-sighted, or because firms or industries have established monopoly positions. It is not clear why wages should be raised in either case. Profits may be ploughed back into new and better equipment or into expansion of capacity, or they may be distributed to shareholders. If dividends can be established as excessive, which is, I am afraid, easier said than done, the answer might well be that prices should come down in that industry rather than wages go up. As with productivity, there may be the exception where high profitability is achieved through some special effort on the part of the workers in a particular firm. But these exceptions should be treated with caution. As Mr. Roberts has pointed out, part of the trouble today is that individual firms may pay wages far higher than the level implied in national agreements. This divergence is sometimes so great that although the national agreement may imply higher wages for skilled than for unskilled workers, in actual fact unskilled workers in one firm may be earning as much as or more than skilled workers in another.

Argument from 1938

Finally, relativity is a principle often raised, especially on the trade union side—and much used by the 'middle-class' unions. The way this argument is used implies that there was something inherently right in the wage and salary structure which existed at some particular date, 1938 for example. As a general principle I cannot see anything in this at all.

If none of these principles will do, what can one suggest? I find myself much in agreement with Mrs. Barbara Wootton* in starting from

* *The Social Foundations of Wage Policy*. Allen and Unwin, 1955

equality as a basic principle, but tempered in a number of respects. There will need to be differentials: but these should be based not upon some historical accident or vested interest but upon their purpose, which is to ensure an adequate supply of workers in those employments which are more dangerous, more unpleasant, or more fluctuating than others, or which call for long training which reduces the number of years a man or woman can expect to be earning. The test for a differential is ultimately factual: if you do not have it you will not get enough recruits to an occupation which has 'net disadvantages' of one kind or another. Unfortunately it is by no means easy to obtain the necessary facts, since choice of occupation is influenced by a great many other things besides money income. But as a negative test it may have some force: the case for an increase in a differential will not be strong if there are queues of people trying to get just that kind of a job.

A *prima facie* case can also be made for differentials to attract workers into industries which are expanding, or ought to expand, in order to cover the costs of movement. I would accept this, though I would also tackle this problem at the other end by extending social services to reduce the cost of movement which falls upon the individual. This sort of thing is done already in some professions, and by some firms which require their salaried employees to move from place to place. I envisage, that is to say, that ideally the rates for a particular kind of job should be the same in all industries and not different simply because one group of men is organised in one union, and another group in a different one. I would apply the same principle, with the exceptions I have mentioned, as between firms within an industry.

These are my principles. Equality is an ethical principle: it is in the trimmings, the differentials, that economics plays a rôle. If these principles find acceptance there still remains the task of moving across from the present haphazard wage and salary structure to one which accords with them. The way to do this—and here I differ from Mr. Roberts—is to establish some sort of priority in wage increases. The total increase in money wages and salaries the economy can stand in a given period without pushing up prices is something which, in principle, can be calculated. This total has then to be broken down into sub-totals available for the various sectors. Collective bargaining might then become more a question of how best to divide a pre-assigned total than one of negotiation about a money rate, where even the immediate effect of an increase upon actual earnings is frequently hard to predict, and the ultimate effect upon other wages and upon prices more uncertain still. To make this possible some sort of rules about the timing of negotiations must be introduced: best, perhaps, would be if the major claims were to occur simultaneously and at regular intervals, so that the interaction of different claims upon one another, and upon prices, could be clearly seen by all parties. This would open up the possibility of readjustments on the lines of the principles I have suggested and incidentally also fit in with Mr. Goodman's proposal of longer-term contracts.

My original question was: 'Can arbitrators have principles?' If the context of that question is the present arrangements for collective bargaining my answer is No, but I think it is highly desirable that we modify those arrangements in such a way that they could have.

—Third Programme

Dr. Adenauer's Foreign Policy and Moscow

By TERENCE PRITTIE

THE last few months have brought a series of reverses to Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy—none of them, admittedly, striking, but together amounting to a sizeable sum. Twice, during these months, Marshal Bulganin has indicated that there can be no German reunification without prior negotiations between the two German states. The defence debate in the Bundestag made it clear that the government plan for a 500,000-strong army has been revised. The first step has, in fact, been taken in Germany to weaken the Nato build-up which Dr. Adenauer has always thought would convince the Soviet Union that there was nothing further to gain by a policy of pressure in Europe and everything to gain by one of conciliation.

Early in March came the British decision to withdraw some of their forces from Germany. A compromise was reached but the numbers going will weaken the striking power of the British Rhine army. Armed defensive strength was one of the corner-stones of Dr. Adenauer's diplomatic strategy. He had foreseen a time when the cut-down of Nato forces could have been bargained against a cut-down of those of the Warsaw Pact powers, and when an agreement among the Great Powers over disarmament could have paved the way for German reunification. Instead, it is only Nato's strength that is being shorn. For colonial reasons the French army in Germany has been reduced to a bare division and a half. For financial reasons the British army will lose the equivalent of one out of four divisions during the next two years. For political reasons the target for the German armed forces is unlikely to exceed 300,000 men. All this is happening without any reduction of Soviet strength in Eastern Germany.

These have not been Dr. Adenauer's only setbacks. Marshal Bulganin ignored his request for the return of the 80,000 German civilians still held in the Soviet Union. He pressed for trade talks and secured support inside Western Germany. The Social Democrats produced their theory that increased trade would 'normalise' the atmosphere. The Free Democrats argued that Western Germany is being deprived of the good business which is falling into the hands of Britain and other trade competitors. The Christian Democratic Mayor of Hamburg explained the interests of his city in expanded trade with the eastern bloc. Just as Dr. Adenauer gave way over the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union in 1955, so he may give way this time over trade. In 1955 he secured a Russian promise to return the prisoners-of-war; this time he may redeem the deported civilians.

Dr. Adenauer's position has often been compared with Gustav Stresemann's in the nineteen-twenties. Both had to re-establish Germany's good name and win her friends, to combine initiative with restraint. Stresemann secured western financial aid and the withdrawal of western garrisons from Germany; Adenauer secured western diplomatic backing and the conversion of western garrisons into friendly allies. Yet Stresemann began with a united Germany and Adenauer may not even finish with one. If this happens it may be less his fault than that of his critics. The criticisms which are levelled against him now are based on the belief that he has perpetuated the division of his country. They betray a basic lack of understanding of his policies.

A few months ago a book appeared which contained the most coherent attack yet made on his foreign policy. *Between Bonn and Moscow* was written by Paul Sethe, historian and leader-writer of *Die Welt*. Sethe's analysis of Adenauer is that of a dupe of the West. 'In 1947', Sethe writes, 'the Western Powers were against free all-German elections because they hoped that an all-German Government will enter into a military alliance with them. . . . The West wanted free elections in order to extend their power and weaken that of the Russians'. Western policies in fact were as selfish as Russian, and the German task should have been to 'steer developments' and not act as a pawn of one power bloc. Sethe's main complaint is that Adenauer failed to realise this.

The Social Democrats attack Government foreign policy because they believe it has not been modified to suite the significant change of political climate. Sethe's criticism goes deeper: he believes that this policy was wrong all the time and that a middle path between East and West was always the one to take. He considers, for instance, that the Soviet Note of March 1952 offered real hope. It proposed German reunification on the basis of withdrawal of all foreign forces within one year of the signing of a peace treaty, and the military neutralisation of a united Germany. It would have allowed Germany its own small army and a complementary armaments industry. Above all, it would have allowed, at least in theory, free elections.

Sethe sees in this Note an immense chance missed because the Western Powers did not realise that the Cold War had been virtually won, and did not correctly gauge their own strength. A neutral all-Germany, he argues, could have been guaranteed against Soviet aggression at least as effectively as the Federal Republic is today. The Red Army would have been pushed a hundred miles farther east. The

stage would have been set for an earlier emancipation of Poland from satellite status. A united Germany would have had the chance to develop independence and resume its 'historic role' of a 'bridge between East and West'. Sethe blames Dr. Adenauer for rejecting this Soviet offer. In his Siegen speech of March 16, 1952, Dr. Adenauer said that the West must first become strong enough to bring the Russians to a sensible agreement over the German question. This 'policy of strength' has been explained by the Chancellor himself as being less a policy of force than of defensive preparedness which would discourage the use of force. Sethe denies this. In his view, the Russians were bound to regard Nato as a threat and to be less disposed as time went on to give Nato a possible foothold on the banks of the Oder. Russian determination to hold on to every square mile already occupied in central Europe would grow faster than Nato itself.

Central Europe's Armaments

Sethe blames the Chancellor for having urged the supervision, by a United Nations commission, of the free elections proposed for Eastern Germany, for having refused to determine the military status of a united Germany in advance, for rejecting Dr. Pfeleiderer's plan for creating a zone of limited armaments in central Europe. He blames the Government for regarding the explosion of the first Russian hydrogen bomb, in August 1953, as confirming the need to push ahead with the organisation of conventional armed forces. Sethe regards it as a warning-signal that negotiations with the Russians would become more difficult, for to Russian superiority in conventional weapons would be added Russian equality in nuclear fields. From then on, he believes, the western formula about 'first, twelve West German divisions; then, talks with the Soviet Union' lost all meaning.

Many like Sethe think that Germany's 'hour of destiny' struck in 1952. The Russians were ready then to allow all-German elections; now they are not, unless a great many conditions are fulfilled. In 1952, Pfeleiderer's plan was rejected out of hand; in 1955, Sir Anthony Eden recast it and projected it as his own creation, after it ceased to be acceptable. In 1952, the Russians wanted the military status of a united Germany decided in advance of reunification. The West rejected this, yet today it would be accepted by the German Social Democrats, Free Democrats, and a probable majority of the German people.

This change of political climate must indeed be deeply disturbing to Dr. Adenauer, with the Federal election only four months off and no remote hope of progress towards reunification in the meantime. For that possibility does not exist, and here Dr. Adenauer has allowed himself to become involved in vague speculation which is quite out of character. A few weeks ago he made several pronouncements on the banning of major nuclear weapons, evidently without consulting his allies and without reference to their military strategy. Only a fortnight ago, and weeks after Dr. Adenauer indicated that it was in the field of nuclear weapons that a major concession could be made to the Soviet point of view, Mr. Macmillan reached his vital agreement with the United States on the supply of such weapons. Marshal Bulganin's latest Note did not mention reunification at all. In East Berlin, Walter Ulbricht proclaimed his terms for reunification in the most significant speech on the German question for years past. They included the removal of 'fascists' and 'capitalists' from positions of trust in Western Germany, the nationalisation of basic industries and the banks, the splitting-up of all estates of over 1,000 acres, the readmission of the West German Communist Party, the repeal of the Works Council Law, the withdrawal of the Federal Republic from Nato. All this was to happen before East-West German talks could even begin.

Two questions arise out of Ulbricht's pronouncement. How far did it represent official Soviet policy? And is the Soviet Union no longer interested, at least in the foreseeable future, in German reunification, illustrating this fact by putting up its terms every time that the issue is discussed? On the answers to these two questions depends the course which Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy must take. On them depends the result of the coming Federal election and the future of Germany.

There is no record of Ulbricht ever having gone counter to official Soviet policy. In 1953 he introduced the 'new deal' desired by M. Semeonov, involving more consumer goods and a raised standard of living. In 1954 he reverted to the Soviet policy of extracting the maximum industrial production out of the satellites. In 1955 he echoed the Soviet demand for all-German talks to promote 'peaceful coexistence'. In 1956 he began to put up the price of reunification, as the West showed interest in it and greater readiness to make concessions. Ulbricht is unique among satellite statesmen. He not only interprets Eastern

Germany to the Kremlin, and applies the Kremlin's policies to Eastern Germany. He, alone among satellite statesmen, deliberately helps the Soviet leaders to maintain diplomatic pressure on the West.

The latest Soviet statements could still be bluff, in which Ulbricht is playing his usual trusty part. The Russians may hope to get more out of the West by asking for all. Is this likely? Here are two reasons why it is not, and why the Soviet Union may now no longer want German reunification at all. The Soviet position in Poland would be threatened if the Red Army had to withdraw from Eastern Germany. So, in the long run, might the Soviet position in Czechoslovakia. Hungary is already being held by sheer force. And the dimness of Soviet hopes of a united Germany moving towards the eastern camp was illustrated by the recent Harich trial. Professor Wolfgang Harich, the East German intellectual, went to the Soviet ambassador, M. Pushkin, with his plan for converting Eastern Germany into a progressive socialist state. The Socialist Unity Party was to be reformed and would collaborate with the West German Social Democrats in organising a workers' popular front. This alliance could win the first all-German election and install a left-wing coalition committed to friendship with the Soviet Union. M. Pushkin betrayed Harich to the East Germans, who imprisoned him on trumped-up charges.

The Harich plan was the counterpart of Semeonov's 'new deal' and had the same objective of making Germany into a genuine friend of Russia. But the present Soviet leadership was simply not interested; Harich was not even a card to keep up its sleeve. It is, indeed, possible that the Soviet leaders now regard the West German Social Democrats as a greater menace than Dr. Adenauer. For the Social Democrats would take the Federal Republic out of Nato, see western forces withdrawn and a united Germany committed to military neutrality—all in return for reunification. They would make every concession save the one that matters most—negotiate with an unpurged Communist East German regime led by Ulbricht. It may be more than a coincidence that the Russians have just bitterly denounced a leading Social Democrat, Herr Wehner, for 'deserting' the Communist Party years ago, and have attacked the Eastern Bureau of the Social Democratic Party in Berlin as the chief agent in stirring up unrest in Eastern Germany. The Social Democrats are suspect, as a westernised 'bourgeois' party which let its old claim for nationalisation of heavy industry lapse during the springtime of economic expansion, and could in power organise a creeping ideological offensive into eastern Europe.

It would be one of the greatest triumphs of Soviet diplomacy if the only two political parties in Western Germany that matter—Christian and Social Democrats—began bidding against each other for Russian favour. This is not as improbable as it sounds. Dr. Adenauer has already thrown out his idea of a ban of nuclear weapons and has implied readiness to increase trade with the Soviet Union. His Defence Minister, Herr Strauss, has said that a united Germany need not necessarily belong to Nato. His party follower in Hamburg, Lord Mayor Sieveking, has recognised the Oder-Neisse line. The corridors of the Bundestag have echoed with discussion of the zone of limited armaments in central Europe.

A Single-minded Policy

Yet in this election year the prevailing impression of the Chancellor remains that of a man who has learned few but worth-while lessons in life. One of these is the value of persistence—a German virtue which he possesses to an unusual degree. Another, less easily recognised, lesson is the advantage of consistency. The single-mindedness of his policy has been in sharpest contrast with the unsteadiness of instinctively 'oppositional' Social Democrats, opportunist Free Democrats, and the wayward refugee party. The most important lesson of all learned by Adenauer is how to make and keep good friends. What other German in the last seventy years achieved this? Bülow and Bethmann-Hollweg dabbled recklessly with the intricate mosaic of European feelings. Stresemann and Rathenau looked for allies, but in too many directions. Brüning was confronted with the emptying hourglass of internal German politics. None of them had time, or gave themselves time, to learn that friends are made once and lost once.

Dr. Adenauer's plan for Germany hangs on the whims of the electorate this autumn. These whims include juvenile dislike of conscription, concern over rising prices, sentimental distaste for the Oder-Neisse eastern frontier, and doubt about re-electing a man of eighty-two who will not give up. If the importance of his policies is not grasped, an era of hope may end which has brought Germany closer to her neighbours than ever before. That would be a tragedy.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

South of Sahara—IV

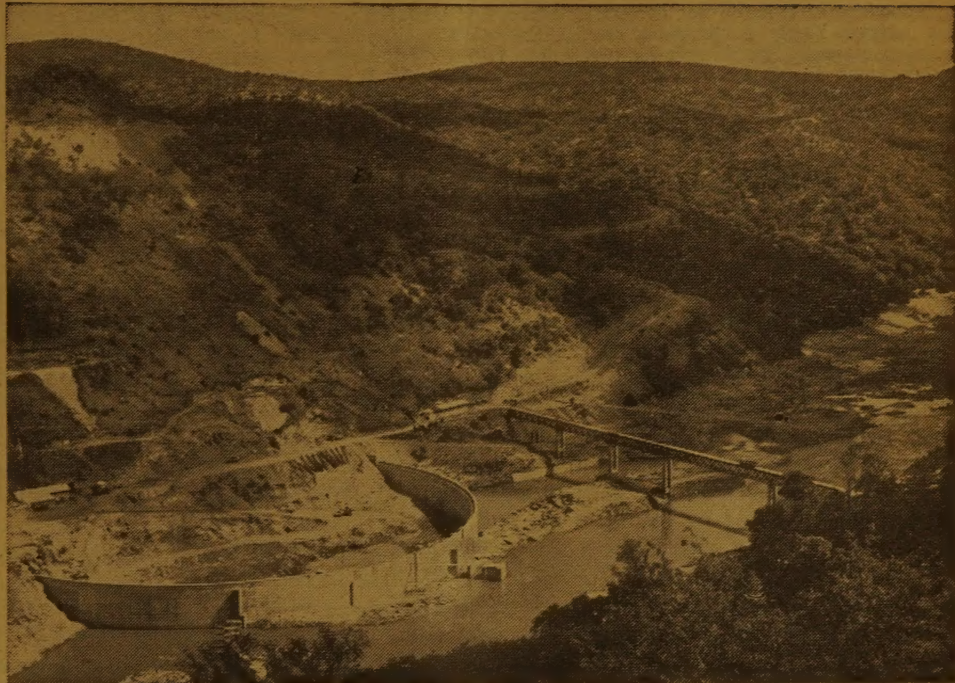
Town, Mine, and Village

By WILLIAM CLARK

THE first thing that struck a newcomer to West Africa like myself was the brilliant colours that you see everywhere: the lush green of tropical vegetation, the blues and purples of jacaranda and bougainvillea, the crimsons and yellows of the weaver birds. Even the roads outside the cities are dark red, and naturally the Africans themselves try to rival this riot of natural colour with their brightly dyed clothes, so often covered with the most exotic patterns, or with pictures of Dr. Nkrumah or the Queen. I thoroughly enjoyed this unselfconscious African passion for colour which I found wherever I went in West Africa; until one day I flew across the continent and arrived at the Copperbelt in Northern Rhodesia. At first I could not tell what was missing, but soon I realised that for the first time I was seeing industrial Africa, and that industry somehow takes all the colour out of African life.

The rows of identical concrete huts which make up a mine compound, looking more like an anti-tank trap than a village, the drab shorts and vest instead of the coloured robes of Ghana and Nigeria—they are probably more practical, perhaps more hygienic than the ordinary trappings even of Central African village life, but they are less colourful. Somehow I felt that the zest and humour had gone out of African life along with the colour. Yet I do not want to paint a picture of simple exploitation of labour; these mine-workers are far better paid than the average African in the village, indeed they regard working on the Copperbelt as a sort of quick way to earning a fortune. And their European employers do try to care for their interests by building community halls, sports grounds, cinemas, and so on. But the fact is that African life is traditionally rural, life centres on the village, politics on the tribe; away from the tribal homelands, in the town, or in the industrial settlement, Africans seem to have lost something irreplaceable.

Though I have spent only a few days in typical African villages I think I can detect what is their charm and value to ordinary Africans, what they miss when they leave them. In the village and in the tribe an African knows where he stands, he has a certain status in relation to the chief, to his family, to the land, to the beasts very often held in common. He knows his obligation, to work and to guard, and above all he knows his own security, he knows that in his old age or in sickness he will be looked after by his relations, who would not think of shunning that obligation. There is very little chance of making any money at all in the village, or of making any progress, but there is security from the cradle to the grave. The tribal organisation, working through the villages, provides a sort of elementary and miniature welfare state. And life in the village with the communal celebrations of the seasons, sowing or reaping or the beginning of the rains, must have much of the same kind of charm and gaiety which Breughel painted and which we nostalgically associate with 'Merrie Eng-



Work in progress on the Kariba Gorge dam in the Zambesi river

land' before the industrial revolution changed the face of this land.

The industrial revolution is changing the face of Africa; must Africa go through all the misery of the proletariat which scarred the history of western Europe during the nineteenth century? Of one thing we can be certain: there is no turning back the industrial revolution in Africa because both Europeans and Africans are determined that there should be industrialisation. The Volta river dam projected in Ghana, the Kariba Gorge dam being built now in Rhodesia, the Owen Falls dam which already harnesses the Nile in Uganda, these are just three of many attempts to provide Africa with power for industry. Everywhere I went I heard, from African leaders, of their grandiose plans to industrialise their country. They want it to happen partly because as democratic politicians they need to promise better living conditions to their electorate, and the quickest way to create wealth (though not necessarily happiness) is to industrialise. They also realise how terribly vulnerable their countries are when, as so often at present, they are dependent on a few cash crops for most of their national income. They see that by adding industry to agriculture they will reinsure their country against the fluctuations of world demand, and world prices, for cocoa, or palm oil, or coffee.

Perhaps most important of all, some far-sighted Africans are beginning to see that the West is increasingly dependent on Africa for a number of scarce metals and materials, and they realise that by developing their mines they will eventually greatly increase their bargaining power in the world. For all these reasons

(continued on page 604)



A street in New Highfield, Salisbury, where Africans own their houses and gardens

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Child and Man

IN an article on another page Mr. Quentin Bell discusses the second of two books by a Swedish psychologist, Dr. Helga Eng, who collected drawings done by her niece Margaret from the age of ten months until she was twenty-four, and submitted them to an impressive scientific analysis. On the face of it this is a feat that should appeal to the distinguished humorist 'Beachcomber' and to others with a mordant sense of humour. However, one should certainly not underestimate what psychoanalysis has achieved in the field of medicine and social welfare since it was invented by Freud at the end of the nineteenth century. (One must be careful here, for psychology is not psychoanalysis or *vice versa*, and the practitioners of these sciences are extremely touchy about themselves and about one another—almost as much so as moral philosophers.) The uninitiated may think that often a steam-roller is employed to crush a monkey-nut, but then is it not out of *minutiae* that most sciences are built up, as when Watt watched the steam kettle? Dr. Eng's niece appeared to her (not surprisingly) more inhibited and sophisticated in adolescence than in childhood. Children are not, it seems, highly self-critical and their drawing is more likely to express their own personality before they are subjected to formal lessons. Their eyes are unclouded.

Most of us strive all our lives to regain the uninhibited approach and the self-assurance of youth. 'It is easy', said Degas, 'to be a genius at twenty-five; the difficulty is to be one at fifty'. Perhaps in art occasionally a second childhood may prove profitable, as with the remarkable old American lady who achieved an international reputation as a painter at an advanced age. But most artists and writers find it increasingly hard to regain that first careless rapture. Novelists strive sometimes to revive it by the exercise of nostalgia, revisiting Brideshead or, among very old novelists, beautifying memories of the late Victorian age, replete with butlers and family prayers. But there are limits even to the attractions of nostalgia. It is the vision of youth or its enthusiasm that we cry for. As Brancusi said (quoted by Sir Herbert Read in an article last week): 'When we are no longer children, we are already dead'.

But childhood too has its mysteries. Is it the age of innocence or has it upon it the stigmata of Original Sin? Cynics who look after children are inclined to say that the fact of Original Sin is so obvious as to need no proof. The biologists are telling us nowadays that all depends upon the patterns of the chromosomes, while the psychiatrists may attribute the child's behaviour to some variation of the Oedipus complex. Thus the ordinary man or woman, trying to keep up with the discoveries of modern science, hardly knows where he stands. But at least in the field of art some progress appears to have been made. The modern art teacher no longer tries to instruct his pupils by rule of thumb, and exhibitions of children's paintings and drawings reveal the profit deriving from a flexible approach. Nevertheless no one has yet solved the problem of how to combine the freshness and enthusiasm of youth with the knowledge and wisdom of old age.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Cyprus and atom bomb tests

THE RELEASE OF Archbishop Makarios elicited favourable comment from a number of countries, except Turkey, where *Cumhuriyet* was quoted as saying that 'recent developments have given Turkey cause not to trust the Macmillan Government' and *Tercüman* said that if Britain made concessions to Archbishop Makarios 'Turkish-English relations will be shaken'. From Greece, *Ethnikos Kiryx* was quoted as saying: 'We are witnessing decisive developments' on the Cyprus question, and *Katherimini* said that Greece and Cyprus had now 'won the first round'.

From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

The British now seem to have the military situation well in hand. . . . With the Makarios issue now out of the way, possibly a new start can be made toward a settlement that will satisfy all the directly interested parties.

From Switzerland, *Nationalzeitung*, describing the decision to release Archbishop Makarios as 'an act of statesmanlike generosity and commonsense', was quoted as saying:

Mr. Macmillan will find more support and readiness to co-operate in Washington and Athens once the Archbishop is freed. Nor can there be any doubt as to Lord Salisbury's integrity or loyalty. . . . But if Mr. Macmillan shows himself able correctly to judge and master the situation it may even be possible that he will emerge from this temporary weakening with a strengthened position.

From India, the *Hindustan Standard* was quoted as commenting:

Lord Salisbury was not opposed to the Archbishop's release: he stood against unconditional release. Unless the Government promptly opens negotiations, which is only the logical course to follow the Archbishop's release, Lord Salisbury's worst misgivings might prove true'.

Moscow broadcasts called the Archbishop's release a victory for the Cypriot 'patriots'.

On April 1, Moscow radio broadcast a statement by the Soviet Foreign Ministry saying that the Bermuda conference had shown that Britain and the United States intended to continue 'an aggressive foreign policy' and had decided on 'immediate preparations for an atomic war'. The offer by the two Western Powers to inform the United Nations in advance of nuclear tests and to restrict such tests would not contribute to a solution of the problem of stopping them. On April 4, the day after another nuclear test in the Soviet Union, Moscow transmissions broadcast the speech at the London disarmament conference by the Soviet delegate, calling for a complete ban on all nuclear tests. And the day before the test in the U.S.S.R., Moscow broadcast the World Peace Council's appeal, saying: 'We demand a discontinuation of these tests'. A Moscow broadcast to many foreign audiences, commenting on the reference in the Bermuda *communiqué* to nuclear tests, stated:

Once they had been pinned to the wall by the Soviet initiative, the Western Powers were forced to discard the mask of peacemakers.

A Moscow broadcast, in addition to threatening Britain—now to be supplied with guided missiles—with 'an inevitable retaliatory blow in case of aggression by Nato members', threatened 'a shattering blow also to bases near the Soviet frontiers' in the event of aggression. Warnings to this effect were also contained in Marshal Bulganin's Notes to the Norwegian and Danish Prime Ministers, which were widely broadcast. Referring to these Soviet warnings, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, in a broadcast speech, stated:

Norway has always realised the dangers involved in the attempt to prevent war, but we believe that we can best achieve this aim by standing in solidarity with other democratic countries.

Mr. Lange added that the Soviet Notes may have resulted from a desire to stress to the Soviet people an external danger and to justify the severity of Soviet action in Hungary. The alleged 'aggressiveness' of Western Powers was the basic theme in Moscow broadcasts, whether on nuclear tests, foreign bases, or Middle East policy. This theme even occurred in Mr. Shepilov's broadcast speech to the Congress of Soviet composers, when he defined 'peaceful coexistence' as

a tense struggle of all peace-loving democratic forces against the forces of imperialist aggression . . . a stubborn competition of two opposed systems in the fields of economic, scientific and cultural activities.

Did You Hear That?

THE MEANING OF MANCHESTER

'LOOK AT the revised Ordnance Survey Map of Roman Britain, published last year', said JOHN COATMAN in 'The Northcountryman'. 'There you will see Manchester and London as centres of the two most extensive networks of roads in Roman Britain—as they are of the modern railroad and airway networks. Next you will see that Manchester is on the main marching road between two of the three legionary stations, Chester and York, the third being Caerleon on Usk. Throughout most of the Roman occupation, Chester and York were what Rawalpindi and Peshawar were in British India, the main bastions of a "live" frontier, with the federation of Briganti tribes in Britain playing the part of the Pathan tribes on the old North-west Frontier. Manchester was, in fact, one of the most important military points in Britain, of course after the three legionary stations.

'Look again at the map of Roman Britain, and you will see Manchester ringed round with lesser forts at Brough, Glossop, Castleshaw, Ribchester, and Kirkham, and a number of Roman settlements at Buxton, Middleswich, Northwich, Wilderspool, and Wigan. There must surely have been a military post—what we called a *burj* on the North-west Frontier—to guard the crossing of the Mersey at Stockport, and in other places. Roman Manchester was to the Roman army of Britain what Abbottabad, Kohat, Bannu, and Dera Ismail Khan were to the British Indian army, strong places of arms, surrounded by regular and irregular units' forts and watch towers, garrisoned and supplied, and, when need arose, reinforced from these big places.

'Here, I believe, is the clue to the meaning of the name Manchester. Mancunium is a medieval corruption. Mamucium is the name in the second-century Antonine military road book, and is authentic. Again, under the year 923, the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* records that Edward the Elder took possession of "Mam-caster in Northumbria". The British tribes round Manchester spoke Celtic, Welsh Celtic, not Gaelic. *Mam* is the old Welsh word for mother, and there we have it. Manchester was the "mother fort", the very thing the map shows. The Romans, no doubt, heard the local Celts using their word for the mother fort, and adopted it, I daresay somewhere malforming it, as we British adopted, with slight variations, some of the names given to our forts by the Pathan tribesmen of the North-west Frontier'.

AUTOMATIC BALLET DANCER

In a talk in 'Foreign Review' JEREMY SANDFORD described a meeting at the Club d'Essai with Nicholas Schöffer.

'It wasn't long', he said, 'before Schöffer was telling me of his use of modern science in connection with the "mobilisation of the arts". "Movement", he said, "is an aspect of modern life which the arts have tended to ignore. In the old days a statue could dominate a square by its isolation and the comparative lack of movement going on around it. But nowadays with traffic, passers-by, aeroplanes constantly moving round it at different speeds, nobody notices any more the war memorial with its frozen and empty eloquence. What is needed is a statue capable

of moving, providing as it were a counterpoint or obbligato to the collective choreography of traffic and passers-by. What is more, it must be made sensitive, so that its movements are in keeping with the nature of movement going on around it".'

'I asked him if there was any chance of one of these statues being created. "Indeed", he replied, "one already exists. But in this case it is not a mobilised piece of sculpture so much as an automatic ballet dancer, which evolves its own choreography as a result of its reactions to music played to it, or lights shone at it".'

'It was first seen, I gathered, at the famous Sarah Bernhardt theatre,

during a *Nuit de Poésie*. The poetry of the machine was demonstrated by this robot, or, as Schöffer likes it to be called, *Etre Artificielle*. Ten feet high, it tapered up from a solid-looking base to a sort of network of long spindly arms and legs and pivoted polychrome plaques. Then the music struck up, *musique concrète*, and, reacting to its influence, the artificial being began slowly to pivot and pirouette. Like a tree assailed by wind, its arms began to stir, and the coloured plaques ever faster to revolve. Now it began to walk round the stage in ever widening circles. At a sudden change in the music it came suddenly, all tremblingly, to a halt; then resumed its slow progression. It was two in the morning before the packed audience had finished their applause.

'The "artificial being" evolves its own choreography as it goes along, as a result of its reaction to what is going on around it. You can place it on a darkened stage, for instance, and it will react to the colour and intensity of spotlights shone on to it. In the words of the official prospectus: "The colour blue excites it, so that it advances while turning rapidly. Red calms it, so that it turns its plaques speedily like fans. It is exalted by silence and made tranquil by noise. Also it is awakened by obscurity and calmed by brightness".'

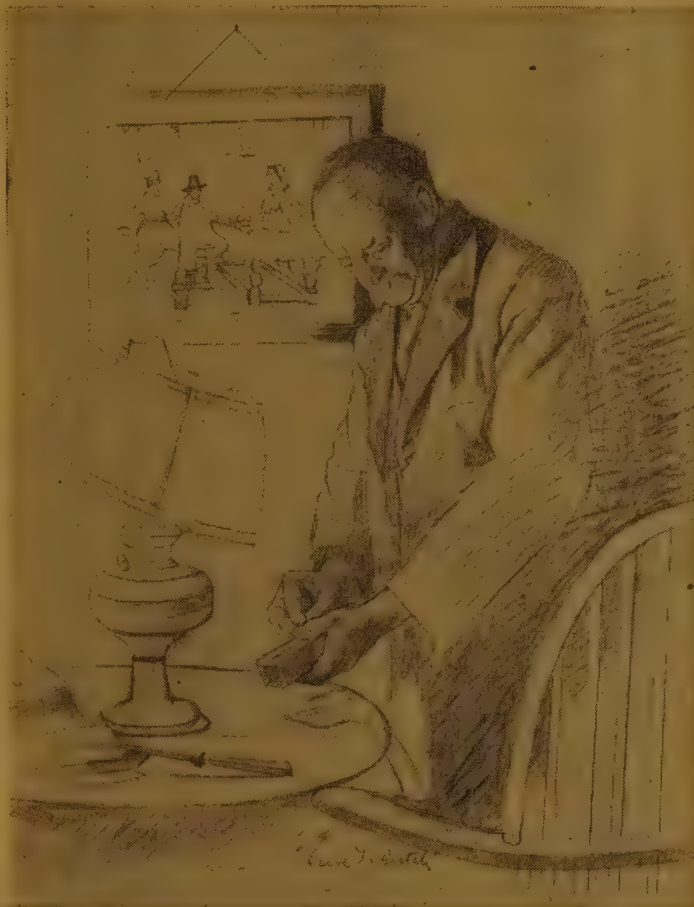
'It is a most moving and beautiful experience to watch the machine going through its mysterious performance in the midst of the silent stage. When it is made to react to music, it produces a different dance

for whatever is played to it. I asked Schöffer whether there were any mishaps in this apparently perfect evening. "Oh dear, yes", he replied. "At one moment, someone in the audience began shouting 'Bravo' and the doll's reaction to this was to make straight for the orchestra pit at top speed. Luckily we had a safety device installed and were able to stop it by a sort of telephone". That one should telephone up a robot in mid-dance seemed quite all right to me, but I'm told by scientific friends that it shows that both Schöffer and I know nothing about science.

'The future commitments of the artificial being, I gathered, are to the Strasbourg and Munich festivals, and a world tour may possibly be planned for it'.

THE INVERNESS CAPE

'Every decent school has a uniform', said BERNARD HESLING in 'The Northcountryman', 'and in this the orphanage was no exception. All in all, we were proud of the way we looked, for seen at a distance our



'Sure to Catch', by Charles Spencelayh, now on view at the Bond Street Galleries. Mr. Spencelayh, who is ninety-two years old and had his first picture accepted and hung in the Royal Academy sixty-five years ago, was interviewed last week in 'Radio Newsreel' by David Wilson, a B.B.C. reporter, at his home in the Midlands. His advice to future artists was 'to paint from nature'.

short jacket and tight pants seemed like an Eton suit. Instead of an overcoat, though, we wore an Inverness cape—a flapping, tent-like garment, but otherwise not what you would wish on any child.

'In my last year, our cape was suddenly changed for an overcoat. We boys felt pretty sure that the reason for the change lay with Ikey Boles—a large, good-humoured gangster of a boy—who left the school under a cloud.

'The cloud under which Boles left was not of his own making, for just as no man can choose his father, no boy can say when he will cease to be an orphan. Actually, Boles' mother, in re-marrying, had committed, in the stuffy eyes of the school, an unforgivable sin, for she had not only re-married, but she had thought to conceal this fact until her Willie (heaven knows why we called him Ikey) could finish his schooling.

'Boles broke the sad news that he was no longer an orphan, and that he would be leaving the next day, when we were playing rounders. The school bell began to ring, calling to us but not to Boles. He was already a stranger. "I'll see you before tea", he said hopelessly. "I have to pack, and see about my rabbits".

'It was Mission Week in Halifax, and each day the various schools attended in groups and were lectured to. Today was our turn. Normally we liked a missionary. Today, though, with the thought of the school's most popular boy about to be thrown out by the scruff, we were certainly in no mood for it. With watery eyes we watched the procession of lantern slides: natives of the Gold Coast tending the cocoa bean; fuzzie-wuzzies doing something or other with coconuts; head-hunting pigmies learning, for some reason, to tell the time. And now the lights were on again, and an unctuous voice was urging the little boys to move forward and see the exhibition.

'It was, I think, at that moment that the awful urge came on me to snatch some small keepsake for Boles: that ebony elephant or that box made from porcupine quills.

In the end, though, I settled for a small dagger. In single file we moved along the low trestle table. It was now or never. I leaned over the table, my Inverness cape billowing like a cloud over the exhibits, my hand beneath reaching, searching, but damn the dagger! It wasn't there. It just wasn't there. We were near the end of the table too. The queue was moving again. I must get something for Boles, I must. Swiftly my fingers traced a tapering object (the tail of a mummified lizard, I afterwards found) and with difficulty hauled it in under my cape.

'Boles was in the dormitory sitting on his trunk. "Here's a lizard I got for you", I said. "Gee!" said Boles, "That's decent, and, look what young Grant brought me, a necklace made from the teeth of your enemies—and look at this dirk that Wilson got me". I was looking at it—it was the dagger I had fumbled for and could not find. "And see this egg", said Boles. "Binns gave it me. It's an emu egg. Look at the carving on it. Imagine carving an egg—imagine it".

'I could imagine it. I could imagine it would take time and cost money. I could imagine that the owner of such an egg would miss it, and certainly the owner of such an egg plus a necklace made from the teeth of your enemies, a dirk, a mummified lizard, and all the other bits and pieces we had got for Boles that afternoon, would do something about it.

'Boles departed early next day and his last advice was not to worry. He was probably right. A few notices appeared in the newspaper about the missing objects but we were never even questioned. Early next term, though, we were issued with overcoats instead of capes, while to preserve the idea of a uniform, perhaps, these garments were constructed without outside pockets'.

IS SWALING OVERDONE?

'The law', observed J. D. U. WARD in 'Window on the West', says: "Between the 31st day of March and the 1st day of November in any year no person shall burn heather or grass on any land except in accordance with conditions of a licence issued by the Minister". Many years one feels that the Minister must have been busy issuing licences. I suggest that any April swaling is usually unnecessary and specially unfair to birds. March (which is normally a dry month) is the time for swaling, at the end of winter, before spring really begins. The object of swaling is to destroy or remove old grass and old heather and to stimulate sweet new growth acceptable to sheep (and also to ponies and cattle). And I feel myself that swaling is overdone.

'In the north, where swaling is managed for the benefit of grouse, a moor may be worked on a ten-year rotation: that means one tenth of the moor is burnt (probably in strips or small patches) every year. But where no gamekeepers are in charge, a moor may be burnt much more drastically—perhaps nearly the whole of it every other year or even every year. And this seems to be usual in the south-west. The tradition is that everyone having common rights has the right to burn. You may hear of troublesome children being given a box of matches

with the command, "Hop it! Go and light some fires on the moor. Nobody can't stop you". And we see the results: a pall of acrid smoke; if there is little wind in the sheltered valleys below, the smoke may hang over a village for two or three days. Then you find hundreds of acres of moor above are black and bare.

'Surely frequent burning must destroy much of the very little humus that lies on top of infertile moors at high elevations; and it deprives the few moorland birds of their nesting places and cover.

'I suggest that to burn a heather moor once every five or six years would be often enough. That means, of course, not to burn all of it, but every year to burn a fifth or sixth part. The Nature Conservancy has been concerned about the evil effects of too much burning in the north of Scotland. They say that the farmers, without knowing it, are damaging their own interests by burning too often'.



Moor fire on North Hill, near Minehead, March 1957

J. D. U. Ward

OLD FAIRS

'Charter fairs', said BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD in a West of England Home Service talk, 'are held under charter from the Crown. Statute fairs are the old hiring fairs, survivals of the statute sessions and they are held under statutory rights granted by parliament.

'Fairs are of ancient origin. Sturbridge Fair is generally said to be the oldest in the country, dating back to A.D. 207, though the charter was actually granted by King John in 1211, and there are plenty of older charters than that. St. Giles Fair at Winchester was granted a charter in 1067, for example, and it was an old fair then. Most fairs bear the names of saints, and they were all held on saints' days. St. Giles Fair was a church fair like all the rest of them, but more particularly it was the bishop's fair, for the charter was granted to him. And each bishop in turn took good care to cash in. In the end it was the bishops that killed the fairs because they took too much out of them.

'They continued, of course—some of the ancient ones continue to this day. Portsmouth Fair, which is now known as Portsdown Fair, was established under charter in 1194 and is still held three times a year. In steadily diminishing numbers they continued up to the outbreak of the first world war. Until then, they were fairs in the old tradition, markets and pleasure grounds. And until the middle nineteen-twenties they were welcomed by the councils of the towns and cities they visited'.

Style and Vision in Art

ERIC NEWTON, in the fourth of five talks, discusses Romanticism

WHEN I spoke last week about the Classic painters I defined them as men who search for the perfection for which the world always seems to be striving but which it never quite achieves. That preoccupation with ideal beauty as opposed to individual character has always been more at home in southern than in northern Europe. One or two northern artists with Classical temperaments managed to assert themselves when the favourable moment occurred: Flaxman in England, Ingres and Seurat in France, Vermeer and Mondrian in Holland; but their names are neither the greatest nor the most typical of their countries. For a passionate search for harmony, order, and perfection has never been the chief inspiration of the artists of northern Europe.

In speaking of Raphael last week, as the central type of Classic artist, I drew up a list of the qualities that, for all his genius, were outside his range. He cannot surprise us, frighten us, sweep us off our feet, make us laugh, exaggerate, reveal to us anything strange or mysterious or pathetic, or fanciful, or mystical, or macabre or exuberant. It is a considerable list and it is the list that defines the scope of Romanticism. Think of any artist who excels in such qualities and ten to one he will belong to northern Europe.

Try the experiment. Laughter—Brueghel or Rowlandson; exaggeration—Bosch; mystery—Rembrandt or Turner; the mystical—Blake; the macabre or fanciful—a great deal of Gothic sculpture and illumination; the exuberant—Rubens: those are all considerable artists and the list of their qualities covers a considerable area of human experience; and not one of them was born in or near to the Mediterranean basin.

I am deliberately avoiding the direct question which you will probably want me to answer: 'What is Romanticism? What does the word mean to you?' I refuse to answer because it means altogether too much. Each one of us knows instinctively what it means to us, even though it cannot be defined. In ordinary life it means for most of us, I suppose, things like moonlight, distant music, nostalgia, elopements, unrequited love. In art, three qualities seem to me at the heart of it: first, mystery (*e.g.*, the mystery of moonlight as opposed to the clarity of sunlight); secondly, heightened personal emotion (*e.g.*, all forms of intense human love and all forms of terror—fear of thunderstorms, or of crags and precipices); thirdly, a refusal to conform to law (*e.g.*, elopements, abnormalities, the whole realm of the unfamiliar or the rebellious).

I am aware that this is a rather ramshackle way of conducting a serious enquiry into Romantic style or modes of expression. But there is something in Romanticism itself that tempts one to be rather slipshod. Classicism is a central position, and therefore a reliable and definable one. Romanticism is, literally, eccentric and can crop up anywhere and in any form. The difficulty lies not in deciding what it is but in settling on a method of looking for it in art. Perhaps, after all, the best method is chronological. One can begin with the positive outburst of it that came in, inevitably, with the advent of Christianity. It is easy enough

to see that Greek and Roman paganism must inevitably lead to Classic art, and that Christianity must inevitably lead to Romantic art. The characters demand it—the clear physical perfection of gods and heroes, as against the mysterious spiritual perfection of saints and angels. The subject-matter demands it too: the divine contentment of paganism, as against the divine discontent of Christianity. The complete visibility

of everything that interested the pagan artist: physical perfection, material beauty, visual harmony. The invisibility of all that interested the Christian artist: aspiration, ecstasy, sin, repentance—a series of states of mind in which it is not beauty but intensity that counts.

If you compare any carved figure from a Romanesque church with one from the Parthenon pediment there can be no question as to which is the more physically beautiful. But which, to use a useful word rather loosely, is the more expressive? I use the word deliberately because critics have used the word 'expressionism' as a technical term, which evolved much later. 'Expressive' is not a word that one can use by itself. 'Expressive of what?' we ask. In the case of Greek Golden Age sculpture we can only reply: 'Of serenity'. But Gothic sculpture and painting is more tense, more restless; and somehow the word 'expressive' seems more appropriate to an art that regards the human body as a vessel to contain the human soul.

Far more revealing than the obvious contrast between a Greek statue and a Gothic carving is that between the critical moment of perfection in Greece and the critical moment of perfection in Italy which we have already fixed in the early decades of the sixteenth century. The so-called 'Theseus' of the Parthenon would have seemed to Michelangelo, who had rediscovered the meaning of physical beauty, the very model that he must follow. Yet his famous recumbent figure of Night in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo seems to us not a statement about physical beauty but about inward restlessness. Unlike its Greek prototype, it is a vessel to contain the Christian soul. Michelangelo, perhaps without

knowing it, was almost as temperamentally Romantic as his contemporary, Raphael, was Classic. El Greco carried the process still further. After his departure from Italy to Spain, he knew well enough what he was doing. In his hands the human soul robbed the body of its weight and density and endowed it with a set of flame-like rhythms that positively deny the word 'physical'.

There had been earlier Renaissance artists whose innate romanticism led them to fight a half-hearted battle against the search for formal perfection that was characteristic of their period. Piero di Cosimo's 'Death of Procris' in the National Gallery is as romantic as any Italian picture painted in the last years of the fifteenth century could dare to be. But until we come to the sixteenth-century Venetians, such men are rare in Italy.

Even that little band of early sixteenth-century Venetians, for all their innate Romanticism and for all the breathtaking masterpieces they painted, could not sustain their inspiration for long. What they isolated,



Detail from 'The Opening of the Fifth Seal', by El Greco (1541-1614)

Photograph: Phaidon Press

from the infinite number of moods at the disposal of the Romantic temperament was, first, the moment in time when action is suspended and a dreamy contemplation takes its place, a sense, as it were, of listening to distant music; and, secondly, a new sense of lush pastoral beauty. It is a mood often achieved in poetry. Indeed, this special kind of romantic painting was known to the Venetians as the *poesia*—the picture which attempted neither beauty of form nor clarity of narrative but a heightened and instantly recognisable mood. Giovanni Bellini often captured it. The most famous and haunting example is 'Tempesta' by Bellini's pupil, Giorgione; and after Giorgione's early death the young Titian caught it for a precious moment in his 'Sacred and Profane Love'. When Titian lost it, it was lost for ever.

But to find Romanticism at its intensest we must move northwards

across the Alps, where the very climate and landscape are in its favour. Do not ask me to explain national temperaments. Simply look at the most German of all German artists, painting at the very moment, possibly in the same year, certainly not more than three years later than the noble climax of Raphael's career. Grünewald's 'Crucifixion' at Colmar is probably the most famous example anywhere of German painting. It is also the answer to the prayer of any student of style who asks for the full range of the Romantic organ, with all the stops pulled out one after the other. The 'Crucifixion' at Colmar consists of nine large panels. It contains almost all the germs of almost all the possible different kinds of Romanticism with the exception of the Venetian *poesia*. It ranges from horror of a sickeningly specific and sadistic kind, through overstated anguish, through macabre and grisly fantasy, and apocalyptic vision, to an extreme of mystical ecstasy. It contains the spiky, dripping mystery of pine forests, the threat of nightmares, and the dazzling radiance of the heavens. It is, in fact, the final, full-blooded climax of the Gothic world.

Perhaps if we were asked to name the most intense example we know of pure Romanticism it would not occur to us to choose Grünewald, but that, I think, is because when we are thinking of heightened emotional states, we English deliberately forget all those sadistic and grotesque overtones that come naturally to German art and which can mingle in with it equally heightened overtones of ecstasy. We tend to turn away in disgust and to regard Romanticism as something more poignant and nostalgic, and also something more mysterious and elusive.

That same half hysterical response to the more threatening aspects of nature which is one side of Grünewald is to be found in another German of the same period, Altdorfer, who omits the cruelty and pain of Grünewald but uses the same kind of exaggerations in order to produce another typical Romantic mood. I would describe it as a mood of tortured picturesqueness. Here we English feel a little more at home. We are ourselves specialists in the picturesque, though our version of it is usually a good deal more tamed and domesticated than the savage and exuberant Altdorfer is willing to supply. Even exuberance, *without* that admixture of the savage—the opulent, joyful exuberance of Rubens, for example—is a little too much for English taste. Rubens is splendid, pulsating with vitality, a giant in his immense grasp and his immense enthusiasm—but, we are apt to add, surely more than a little vulgar, a little too frankly in love with the sensuous, the overripe! And is not Romanticism too precious a thing to survive the awful impact of vulgarity?

I am afraid that is a fair estimate of the British point of view. I share it, but I am not proud of it. To find the best of German art

sometimes distressingly over-emphatic and the best of Flemish art a little vulgar is a sign of British puritanism which tends to mistrust emotional extremes though it willingly accepts the more amiable emotions and finds pure Classicism too coldly intellectual for its taste.

At this point, since we are considering British taste, I shall break our chronological sequence in order to glance at one contemporary British Romantic painter who seems to contradict what I have just said about our national preference for the amiable emotions. Francis Bacon, who is at present holding a one-man show at the Hanover Gallery in London, is certainly a Romantic painter but a completely unamiable one: a master of imagery of a rather frightening, nightmarish kind. Like Grünewald he is obsessed by anguish, haunted by uneasy tensions; but, unlike Grünewald, he is never specific. Where Grünewald described

pain, Bacon hints at it, taking us out of the world of fact into a world of dreams that are certainly unusually unpleasant but impregnated with poetry—seen, as it were, through a veil. Bacon's is the *poesia* of pain.

Even more evocative is the imagery of Graham Sutherland. The memorable forms—presences, I would rather call them—he invents are always based on an object seen and then transformed. He himself has said that 'art is the personification of emotions felt on perceiving and remembering'. The word 'remembering' is important. It is the memory of the thing seen—the twisted root, the thorn-head, the sun setting behind the hill—that ferments in the romantic mind till it becomes an image in the mind's eye.

That is a digression. Certainly images do not conjure up the kind of emotions which we English usually associate with Romanticism—what I called just now the amiable emotions. One might even call them the glamorous emotions—pathos, nostalgia, the mood of twilight and the day-dream. They are closely related to the *poesia* of Giorgione. The supreme interpreter of them was Watteau, who has always defeated the analytical critic. His pictures are the exact opposite of Raphael's. Each of them seems a sort of casual improvisation—and improvisation is one of the hallmarks of Romanticism—and yet never has the pathos of unsatisfied longing been so surely caught behind the glitter and elegance of an artificial, hedonistic society. One can analyse the quality of

his vision. It depends largely on the smallness of those stylish, aristocratic figures, dwarfed by their environment of great trees or pompous architecture in which they play their guitars or carry on their endless flirtations. It also depends on the flicker of light that almost defeats the eye, so elusive is it. Watteau is the most fastidious, the least turbulent, of all Romantics. What he lacks in order to make him a popular best-seller is drama.

That word perhaps brings us near the core of Romanticism. We have already seen it in the cruel hysteria of Grünewald and the exuberance of Rubens. We like the dramatic even though we do not always respond to the form it takes. But for best-selling romantic drama we must go to Turner. I think I am a minority in regarding Turner as one of the half-dozen greatest artists that ever lived. To call him a best-seller is not to belittle him, for behind that instinct for the obviously theatrical that every eye can find in sunsets, towering mountain ranges, fantastic architecture, torrents, shipwrecks and thunderstorms, was a depth of understanding and a delicacy of statement that exceeds even the elusive delicacy of Watteau.

What with Turner's vast range from serenity to savagery, and what with the infinite subtlety of his gradations of tone, and what with the even greater subtlety of his veils of radiant colour, he defeats the



'Thorn-head', by Graham Sutherland (b. 1903)

Collection of Dr. Henry M. Roland

ordinary processes of photographic reproduction. What is left in reproduction when he is serene is almost nothing; what is left when he is savage is melodrama. It was he who established the full range of romantic landscape at the beginning of a century that was wholeheartedly and sometimes, to us, embarrassingly Romantic. I will not waste your time with examples of what we now regard as the unjustifiable sentimentality of Victorian art. Its fault was not so much an excess of emotion as a failure to take the central Classical principles of art into account. Just as Flaxman's Classicism was too chilly and calculating to move us, so nineteenth-century sentiment is too lukewarm, too *uncalculating* to be taken seriously.

For one brief moment, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the young pre-Raphaelites turned sentiment into real emotion and themselves into serious craftsmen, and the cloud that lay over British painting lifted. Then it descended again. In France, a little earlier in the century, a more self-conscious wave of Romanticism came with Delacroix and Géricault: self-conscious because it was a deliberate rebellion against the Classicism of David and Ingres. Delacroix was a man with a mission—a mission to re-establish warmth and enthusiasm into painting after the calculating hardness of Ingres. To the British, Delacroix means little: he seems to us a belated Rubens, who translated Rubens' exuberant vulgarity into theatrical sentiment.

Much more sympathetic to our eyes, and far more exciting, is the sudden outburst of Romanticism started at the very end of the nineteenth century by Van Gogh in France and Edward Munch in Norway. It was they whose example was so incendiary that it started the movement to which I referred at the beginning of this talk—Expressionism. 'Incendiary' is the right word for that sudden, almost reckless, release of the emotions and the corresponding fine frenzy of brush stroke and colour harmony with which the later paintings of Van Gogh have familiarised us. There was no artificial straining after the dramatic or the theatrical. It was an inevitable, unplanned occurrence like the breaking of a dam. The gloomy, saint-like Dutchman moved to the south of France and in the Provençal sunshine poured his soul impetuously on to canvas and in doing so made all previous painting look timid and unadventurous. He, too, is a best-seller and I need not describe a style that is by now familiar to us all.

Munch is less familiar. His is the darker, more introspective, but no less passionate Romanticism that links up logically with the Romanticism of his countryman, Ibsen. What concerns me, in this brief survey of 'Style and Vision', is the influence both of them had on their successors. It was doubly potent coming, as it did, at the very moment when psychology had discovered the hidden depths of the subconscious mind. Why, so these painters thought, let those depths remain hidden? Why not let the dam burst, release the emotions, paint as though nothing but emotion mattered?

The exploitation of Van Gogh's fine frenzy led straight into the movement we now call Expressionism. One sees it in the turbulent landscapes by Soutine and in the passionate cries of Kokoschka's canvases. It took firm root, as one might have expected, in Germany, where Expressionism became a creed; crude slabs of colour—orange and scarlet, blue and orange—became a ritual. It took root even in France, where the Latin equivalent of Expressionism adopted the arrogant name of Fauvisme—the art of the wild beasts. Fauvisme was short-lived; it occupied the first decade of this century. Derain, Dufy, and Vlaminck were caught up by it for a few years. But for one artist

—Matisse—it proved the ideal form of expression. He clung to it all his life, leaving out the fierceness, concentrating on the gaiety but refining on it till each of his lovely essays in bright colour and flowing line became a carefully arranged bouquet of fireworks. His is a Romanticism purged of frenzy and anguish—the Romanticism of controlled gaiety.

Just as Classicism was carried over into the abstract art of Mondrian and Ben Nicholson, the art of pure calculation, so Romanticism was carried over into art equally abstract, but *uncalculated*—a purely muscular record in paint of the subconscious impulses.

Today's cult of the subconscious impulse in paint is one which I find it easier to sympathise with than to defend. As an artistic theory it is indefensible. For an artist to turn himself into an automaton, a mechanism without a conscious will or even a set of conscious intentions,

a hand holding a loaded brush that records only the uncontrolled urges of the subconscious mind—all that is, in any literal sense, impossible. The very processes of preferring one colour to another and of selecting a spot on the canvas for the first impact of the brush—these must of necessity be acts of conscious choice. It is possible up to a certain point for an artist to suppress those very acts of choice on which art has hitherto depended. The attempt has been made with some success by the abstract Expressionist of today. For what he does the terms '*tachisme*' and 'action painting' have been invented, thereby putting the emphasis on the movement of his hand and the mark his brush makes on the canvas, rather than on the intentions of his mind.

Throughout these talks I have suggested that behind style there must be vision. But here is an attempt to create a style without vision. The result is rather like a self-operating semaphore that agitates its arms without being required to spell out an intelligible message. The *tachistes* themselves would reply that the agitation of its arms is the message—an uncanalised vitality that is its own justification.

As a historian of style it is my duty to note the arrival of these abstract Expressionists.

They flourish today largely in America, where the late Jackson Pollock took the refusal of planning as far as Mondrian had taken the insistence on it. Among their most extreme exponents in Europe are Hartung, Soulages and Mathieu. Hartung's paintings remind one of large and unusually complicated bits of Chinese calligraphy, and calligraphy is considered in China one of the major arts.

This cult of the subconscious is a comparatively new toy and I think it ought to be played with until the artist grows sick of it or exhausts its possibilities. It is refreshing to be utterly uninhibited, just as it is refreshing to smash china or break bottles. It is also rather refreshing to see on the canvas the visible record of an almost intuitive muscular process. Extremism of that kind never lasts very long, but it almost always leaves behind it something worth while. It provides a new, a more dynamic impulse that slightly changes the total sum of old impulses that form the history of art.—*Home Service*



'Shadows', by Jackson Pollock (1912-1956)

From 'History of Modern Painting' (Hyperion)

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An illustrated pamphlet, price 2s. 6d., published by the B.B.C. in connection with Mr. Newton's talks, may be obtained through newsgagents and booksellers or post free from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1. The envelope should be marked 'Style and Vision' in the top left-hand corner, and a crossed postal order should be enclosed, not stamps.

Balance and Barrier—III

The Conservation of Variety

The last of three talks by CHARLES ELTON on the future of ecology

ONCE visited a very good school where the headmaster concentrated on getting his pupils interested in running a large vegetable garden. It was a fine garden and the children were obviously enjoying their craft. I asked the master if he had time to tell them anything about animals, and he answered: 'Oh yes, I teach them that animals are pests!' This is the understandable point of view of a practical man looking at a limited project; but quite different from that of Robert Browning when he wrote:

I am earth's native;
No rearranging it!

And yet a great literary critic said that Browning's genius had its sound, stubborn roots in real life. It is something to have a point of view towards nature at all. There are more than 25,000 different kinds of native land and fresh-water animals in Britain, and probably more than 1,000,000 species of animals in the whole world. There is only one species of man, as far as we know. He is doing drastic things to them, and they are doing drastic things to him. The kind of co-existence we can look forward to in the long run depends very much on our attitude to wild life and to nature in general.

I think of the human race as being on a long train journey in company with all these other passengers, and there seem to me to be three absolute questions that sit rather patiently waiting to be answered. The first, which is not usually put first, is really religious.

There are millions of people in the world who think that animals have a right to exist and to be left alone, or at any rate that they should not be persecuted or made extinct as species. Some people will believe this even when it is quite dangerous to themselves. Efforts to control plague rats in some Indian warehouses have sometimes been frustrated because the men in charge put out water for the rats to drink. Ideas of this sort will seem folly to the practical western man, or sentimental. Yet who can really stand up and call them just sentimental when a great scholar and prophet like Dr. Schweitzer says: 'The great fault of all ethics hitherto has been that they believed themselves to have to deal only with the relation of man to man'?

The second question can be called aesthetic and intellectual. You can say that nature—wild life of all kinds and its surroundings—is interesting, and usually exciting and beautiful as well. It is a source of experience for poets and artists, of materials and pleasure for the naturalist and scientist; and of recreation. In all this the interest of human beings is decidedly put first.

The third question is the practical one: land, crops, forests, water, sea fisheries, disease and the like; this third question seems to hang over the whole world so threateningly as rather to take the light out of the other two. The reason behind this, the worm in the heart of the rose, is simply the human population problem. We have been increasing like voles or giant snails, and we have been introducing too many of ourselves into the wrong places. Consider the hair-raising titles of some fairly recent books about this—serious works, not written by cranks:

Road to Survival, The Rape of the Earth, Our Plundered Planet, The Geography of Hunger, Resources and the American Dream, The Limits of the Earth. There is also *The Estate of Man*, in which Michael Roberts suggested that we are reaching the limit of the supplies of inherited talents we need to cope with all these problems.

It is one of the stark facts of this century that man is not only getting more numerous, but wanting more. He is pressing harder than ever in the history of the world into what used to be unexploited, or lightly exploited, habitats. And every time he makes a move of this kind there are new ecological disturbances, including the ones that come from new introductions of plants and animals and their parasites.

There are the three points of view: you may think the astonishingly diverse life of the globe was not evolved just to be used or abused, and

perhaps largely swept away. You may take the view that it is all so interesting and beautiful that it should be preserved, especially preserved for posterity to enjoy. This is not an uncommon attitude in the richer countries, but finds much less favour in those where making a living at all comes first. But wherever you live, these practical problems have to be dealt with first. People do have to grow things in order to live and make a living, they need land and good crops. It is no use pretending that conservation for pleasure or instruction or the assigning of superior rights to animals will ever take precedence over human survival. Nor should it.



A Hampshire road in June, at the beginning of the annual grass scything

But suppose the conflict between these interests is not quite so great as it seems at first sight? Suppose one could make out a good case for conserving the variety of nature on all three grounds: because it is a right relation between man and living things, because it gives opportunities for richer experience, and because it tends to promote ecological stability—ecological resistance to invaders and to explosions in native populations. This would be a fourth point of view—an attempt to harmonise divergent attitudes. Unless one merely thinks man was intended to be an all-conquering and sterilising power in the world, there must be some general basis for understanding what it is best to do. This means looking for some wise principle of coexistence between man and nature, even if it has to be a modified kind of nature. Fifty years hence, just after the millennium, an ecologist may be able to tell some of you that they have pulled this off. Just now I can only give you a progress report, the sort of thing a nuclear engineer might have given you about power stations twenty years ago. But I think the signs are good and interesting. Here is the evidence so far as it goes.

The first point is that small islands seem to be much more vulnerable to invading species than the continents. This is especially so on oceanic islands, with rather few indigenous species. Even our own well-populated island of Great Britain has about twice as many kinds of deer and rodents living in it now as there were at the time of the Norman Conquest, and we know that Britain was separated from the Continent some 7,000 years ago, before it received its full complement of species on their return north and westwards after the retreat of the Ice Age.

The second piece of evidence is that invasions and outbreaks most often happen on cultivated or planted crops—that is in habitats and communities of species very much simplified by man. This is not always so, however, as we know from the story of the prickly pear in Australia, which spread right into the bush as well as over farmlands, and some of the terrific insect plagues that have swept over the Canadian forests. It has been suggested that these Canadian forests also are still comparatively simple systems that have not yet recruited all the species they had before the last Ice Age came down there. There is a fine team of Canadian ecologists dedicated to a long research on this forest animal community.

Stability of the Tropical Forest

A third piece of evidence comes from the tropics. It was first brought home to me some years ago, when I had spent an hour expounding ideas about insect outbreaks to three forest officers from abroad. Then one of the men remarked politely that this question did not really concern them, because they do not have insect outbreaks in their forests! I found that he came from British Guiana, another from British Honduras, and the third from tropical India. A Dutch forest ecologist, Dr. Voûte, believes that this is a general rule about ecological stability in tropical forests, and he has evidence also from Java. Rain forest is very rich in species. His notion is that there are always enough enemies and parasites available to turn on any species that starts being unusually numerous, and by a complex system of checks and buffers keep them down. This is only a theory, and I expect only part of the story. But the ecological stability of tropical forest seems to be a fact.

My fourth piece of evidence comes from ecological research on orchard pests. Orchards are specially good for testing the effects of ecological variety, because they are halfway between a natural woodland and an arable field crop—less complex than the wood but more complex than the crop, and more permanent. They are much more drastically managed than woodland, and suffer a great number of foreign invasions by animals and fungi and other pests. Most of these pests have by now reached the orchard countries of the world, so that the whole problem is of tremendous interest to everyone who wants orchard fruit. Here I am looking at it more as an example of man interacting with a relatively simple ecological system.

The most thorough research has been done by a group of Canadian entomologists in Nova Scotia, who have tried to find out the causes of successive waves of pests on apple trees. Several of these are particularly harmful, all originally introduced from abroad: a fungus called the apple scab, the codlin moth caterpillar, the oystershell scale-insect, and the European red mite. From about 1930 onwards a puzzling series of insect outbreaks began to blow up. The extraordinary discovery was made that these were almost certainly caused by side effects of a

fungicide spray upon the enemies and parasites of the animals. A change in chemical composition of one of these sprays used against apple scab was followed by enormous multiplication of scale-insects on the apple bark and twigs. It was found that the old spray killed the scale-insects, one of its enemies, and one of its parasites. But the new one left the scale-insects unharmed, while still destroying its enemy and parasite, thus proving again the value of the old Chinese proverb that 'there is no economy in going to bed early to save candles, if the result be twins'. Other peculiar results of spraying have also come to light. In recent years the powerful insecticide D.D.T. has been used in orchards all over the world, partly in the control of the codlin moth. But it turns out that this kills the enemies of the European red mite without being a control of the mite itself. There has therefore arisen a world-wide abundance of red mites in orchards.

Much patient research on this problem has been done by Dr. Collyer in English apple orchards. She found that there are at least forty-five species of insects and mites that prey upon the European red mite in Essex orchards. Both here and in Canada neglected orchards have very low red-mite populations and a hearty mixture of natural enemies—for they do not all prey exclusively on this one pest, but have a range of natural prey. No one, however, imagines that apple orchards could safely be left to find their natural balance and all spraying be stopped. But it is evidently a touchy problem, how to maintain a balance artificially, and one leading Canadian orchard ecologist has remarked that 'we move from crisis to crisis, merely trading one problem for another'.

Hedgerows and Meadow Verges

Orchard ecology has given us a sharp glimpse into the inner workings of a natural community of animal populations, with its interrelations, its chain effects, its checks and balances. I hope a great deal of fundamental knowledge will come from the development of this research. It leads me quite naturally to another matter—the hedgerows and meadow verges of our roads and lanes. These are taken for granted by most people. In so many parts of the country they are implicit in the natural scene. One of the best things Richard Jeffries ever wrote was a simple description of a hedge and its inhabitants, in his *Wild Life in a Southern County*. And Karel Capek once said: 'I have wandered along roads lined with quickset hedges, sheer quickset hedges which make England the real England, for they enclose, but do not oppress'. You can still find plenty like the one Jeffries described eighty years ago, but they are beginning to vanish under what I can only call the engineer's dream of agriculture. A great motor manufacturer recently said in one of our farming magazines: 'On the constructive side let me first emphasise the need for us to pull down some of our hedges'. You can tell at a glance that he is not writing about the conservation of variety in nature.

Several years ago the roadside meadows of our country were threatened with a mass attack by chemical herbicides that kill off many of the flowers and leave grass. This campaign might have got under way without the ordinary person being consulted, without asking whether it mattered that we should lose the blue meadow geranium or other beautiful flowers along the roadside, whether there would be peculiar side effects like those in orchards when you spray fungus or insect. Fortunately the Nature Conservancy, whose job is to take a long view where the country's ecology is concerned, was able to postpone this threat. It persuaded the people concerned to mark time until ecological studies had been made, and these have helped to produce second thoughts in the operators. It is fair to add that this was made possible also by the common sense of agricultural entomologists, commercial spraying firms, and our country road engineers.

These long, winding strips of habitat by the roads and lanes are the last really big remaining nature reserve we have, except the wild moors and lakes of our northern mountains and the seas around us. We need plenty of smaller nature reserves for special purposes, to help some animal or plant, or kind of habitat, to survive. But our

(continued on page 600)



A green lane flanked by high hawthorn hedges: it has now been destroyed so that an aerodrome could be built

C. S. Elton

NEWS DIARY

April 3-9

Wednesday, April 3

Parliamentary Labour Party decides to urge that British hydrogen bomb tests should be postponed for a limited period

Many shop stewards and other strike leaders protest at decision to return to work in the shipyards and engineering industry

Thursday, April 4

White Paper on Defence announces plans to reduce Armed Services by nearly half by the end of 1962 and to stop the call-up at the end of 1960. It is expected that there will be a saving of £217,000,000 on estimates for next twelve months

Court of Inquiry into shipbuilding dispute opens in London

The emergency regulations in Cyprus are relaxed

House of Lords debates doctors' pay

Friday, April 5

Unofficial strike of London tally clerks holds up about seventy ships

Soviet Union carries out another nuclear test. Dr. Adenauer says that Germany must become a nuclear power

Fire at Cannon Street railway station causes damage to signalling system which will affect services for several months

Saturday, April 6

British Transport Commission agrees to give members of the A.S.L.E.F. the increase of pay awarded to other railwaymen

An American oil tanker on charter to Israel arrives at Elath in the Gulf of Akaba

Archbishop Makarios leaves the Seychelles

Sunday, April 7

The largest convoy formed since the reopening of the Suez Canal enters the Canal

Sir Anthony Eden arrives in Boston from New Zealand for a medical examination

Increased tension is reported from Hungary owing to the restrictive policy of the Kadar Government

Monday, April 8

H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Paris for State visit

B.B.C. announces changes in pattern of sound broadcasting services

Clearing of Suez Canal is reported to be completed

Tally clerks vote to return to work

Tuesday, April 9

Chancellor of the Exchequer introduces the Budget. Purchase tax on some household goods reduced. Living theatre and sport to be relieved of entertainment duty. Duty of £1 to be imposed on owners of television sets. Tax concessions announced for older people and surtax payers



The royal visit to France: the scene in the Avenue Alexandre III as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove to the Elysée Palace after their arrival in Paris on April 8. The Queen was accompanied by M. Coty, the French President.



The town of Romsey in Hampshire, which is celebrating the 350th anniversary of the granting of its borough charter, was visited by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh last Saturday. In this photograph Her Majesty and the Duke are being greeted by Lord Mountbatten, the High Steward of Romsey, and the Mayor, in the decorated market place



Her Majesty speaking at the State banquet given in her honour on Monday night at the Elysée Palace. The royal visitors afterwards attended a State performance at the Opera of 'Le Chevalier et la Demoiselle'



A festival marking the 350th anniversary of the landing of the first British settlers at Jamestown, Virginia, was opened there by Lord Hailsham on April 1. This photograph shows 'soldiers' in seventeenth-century uniforms, who were taking part in the festivities, 'on guard' in a restored stockade



British troops presenting arms as General Hans Speidel of Germany, the newly-appointed Commander Allied Land Forces in Central Europe, arrived at Nato headquarters in Fontainebleau to take up his post on April 3. With General Speidel is General Jean-Etienne Valluy of France



Left: a blackstone head of a Pharaoh dating back to Egypt's fifth dynasty (2560 B.C.) discovered during recent excavations near Abusir by a German-Swiss archaeological team. The head, which is virtually undamaged, is the only one so far discovered wearing the crown of lower Egypt



The great figure of 'Christ in Majesty' executed by Sir Jacob Epstein for Llandaff Cathedral, South Wales. The statue, sixteen feet high and cast in aluminium, is on the apex of a concrete parabolic arch which spans the nave. The cathedral was damaged by bombing in 1941

(continued from page 597)

roadsides are unique, because they run for something like 190,000 miles amongst our cultivated land and part of our urban land, too. In them I think you could find more than half the British plant and animal species. They are ecologically rich, and usually stable, except where road repairs and so on make a temporary disturbance. How often has anyone ever seen a hawthorn hedge completely defoliated by caterpillars? Would it not be worth considering that we have here one of our most priceless properties—much of it owned by the nation or its local representatives, though also by the man on the other side of the hedge? I cannot think of any ecological system in Britain that so clearly has all the virtues inherent in the conservation of variety. There is a refuge for wild life. There is pleasure—the flowering hawthorn hedge and the roadside

flowers, the birds and butterflies. I know a Danish family that came here specially for their summer holiday, because of the English roadside flowers, which have disappeared from parts of Denmark through intense cultivation and the use of herbicides.

Finally, this reservoir of species may have profound influence on the balance of life in our crops and forests. Here I cannot give you a firm scientific proof: that is for future research. But even apart from this, would it not be good to be able to say, like John Muir, the great American prophet of wilderness conservation: 'To the sane and free it will hardly seem necessary to cross the continent in search of wild beauty, however easy the way, for they find it in abundance wherever they chance to be'. Shall we be able to talk like this in fifty years' time, as he could do fifty years ago?—*Third Programme*

The New Man—III

Man's Encounter with God

The third of four talks for Lent by RONALD GREGOR SMITH

I ENDED my second talk* by saying that modern man cannot go back on the maturity and independence which he has won; but also that each individual can get to real freedom only by going forward, through his dread and loneliness. And I said that this means a break-through. I believe that this break-through is made possible by a real Christian understanding of this world: that is, by faith in a God who is present. In this talk, and in my concluding one, I want to explain what I mean by this kind of faith.

At Work in History

I know that when I speak of faith in a God who is present I am making a tall claim. It is all the harder to accept, just because what I should call the side-issues, and the preliminary material which I summed up as religion, rather tend to blur the picture of essential Christian faith and, as it were, to muffle the voice of God. In order to get at the real centre of the Christian claim, we have to ask: Where do we really see it at work? And the chief answer is, we see it at work in history. That is to say, God is at work in history. This is the primary setting for the Christian's faith.

I must define what I mean by history. I say, it is the place where human personalities are made. History is the making of persons. It is the making whole, or at least making in the direction of wholeness, of every kind of man, including modern man with his independence and in his lostness. So far as this modern man is concerned, that is to say so far as each one of us is concerned, history is what we are, and what we can become. If the development of modern society were to leave out this kind of history—that is, if the main stress were to be not on man, what he is and what he can become, but on something else, such as a technical society for its own sake, or on more and more production for the sake of an ever-receding standard of material comfort—and if man as man, as a real being with the hope of wholeness, were to be dropped or eliminated from this kind of society, then, I should say, we should be moving into a period without real history. In fact, I should say that this is the pressing danger of our time. Man is being more and more excluded, as a real individual being with a possible real life of his own, from the kind of society which is dominating the attention and the ambitions of rulers everywhere. A kind of science-fiction world, which is not science at all but fiction, is sapping the reality of history from the world of men.

Where is my standard for this kind of judgement? By what right do I say such things? Of course, I am bound by my own tradition and my own place in the world. Here in this north-west corner of the European sub-continent, in mid-twentieth century, is my place and my time. None of us can get out of this kind of limitation and relativity, except by occasional excursions of the mind and of the imagination. For instance, we can, I think, understand better today than our forefathers just what Buddhism teaches, or what Chinese civilisation once signified. But my main reaction is bound to be in terms of the particular background out of which I have come. That means, for me and indeed for all of us in Europe, the background of the Bible and of Greece. And so far as our understanding of history

is concerned, it is the Bible view which has so far dominated the life of Europe.

I mean by this not only that history is the place where personalities are shaped, but that all the time history has to do with particular people in particular places. In fact, history is also—you might say—the process of particularity. As the sense of history intensifies, the significance of the individual also grows more powerful. I do not mean by that that powerful individuals determine the fate of the rest of us—Napoleons and Hitlers making history—but just the opposite: unimportant individuals developing into freedom and destiny, not the playthings of fate or lords of fate like Hitler, but free individuals becoming real persons. How is this possible? It is possible on the basis of the Bible view that God acts in history. Now, I am not saying that God can be directly seen at any place or time—not even in the history of Israel. But I am saying that the Bible view is that history is made by an interaction between men and God. In the story of the children of Israel this recognition of God's action is fitful and intermittent. But it steadies into a clear sign. You can see in that story the shaping of personality, the love for the particular, the particular person, or place, or incident, and the whole thing recognised as a dialogue, or an encounter, between man and God. But the chief recognition on the part of the people of Israel was that in every critical situation of their story it was the initiative of God, his coming to them, which lifted their history into reality. In other words, the making of people is the business of history; and this making is the work of God coming into history.

The Choice and the Break-through

I am not talking about something queer or abstracted from the world. I am talking of what I should call normal people: not dervishes cutting themselves with knives in order to induce the right state, or ecstasy; not even particularly religious people in any sense: in fact, people very like ourselves in the main outlines. Of course, a man like Jeremiah, to take an outstanding example, was bound to his own time, just as we are. But the uniting element between him and us is first, the loneliness, the break-down of hope, the intrusion of dread which we share with him; and, second, the hope of a break-through. For him the break-through was a reality. God spoke to him in the normal circumstances of his life, and in the choices set before him and before Israel as a nation. He chose in the light of God's will—so he went deeper into loneliness and suffering. But he also emerged with a terrific sense of the reality of the individual's life, before God, and a sense of the reality of what he called the new covenant, that is, the individual's own responsibility for his life. Jeremiah got to that position through the faith that God was with him, and that God would not forsake his world.

Are we to say: 'This is all very well, but it is long ago, and moreover, just the kind of out-of-date thing which I have been saying that religion is'? It is certainly long ago. But in another sense it is only as far away as our memory and understanding of it. Some things in fact most things which happened yesterday, are far more deeply

sunk in limbo than the life of that particular man Jeremiah, and many like him, who lived in Palestine 2,500 years ago. And as for being out of date, certainly a great deal of the background and the framework of the life of Jeremiah, and of the whole life of the children of Israel, is out-of-date. But the reality, what in fact happened to such people, is still with us. What really happened? I should say these people were lifted out of themselves, out of their passionate pride and hope for themselves as a nation; they were lifted out, turned as it were inside out, and put back into the world as a peculiar people, a new people, in fact. The process was certainly painful for them. But the result was this view of men in history which I have been describing. And this 'making new' is what I mean by the break-through.

The Strange People of Israel

If I try to summarise what this strange people of Israel really were, what made them strange, what made them tick, then I should say it was the turning inside out of their national ambitions which made them different. It was not really what they succeeded in doing, but rather in their constant failure to do the right thing, that the break-through came. The break-through came from God. He did not use their powers, he used their weakness. He did not base his plans for the world on the nearness of Israel to himself, but on their awareness of their distance from him. This distance was the distance of dread, and failure, and the consciousness of human ruin. It was when Israel was fit for nothing more—when it was broken and enslaved as a nation, filled with guilt and shame for its past, and hopeless about its future—it was at this point that the break-through came.

You could sum up this break-through in three quotations, each one of which contains one part of the real historical situation. First, it is God, the Lord of history, mysterious and majestic, who dominates the situation. So the prophet of the exile writes:

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.
For as the heavens are higher than the earth,
so are my ways higher than your ways,
and my thoughts than your thoughts.

And, second, man's condition is one of misery and hopelessness: and so the psalmist says of his own condition:

Death is so common now. Publicity
Diminishes as it multiplies:
Death on the road, death from smoking,
Death in every breath, in every step death.

Yes, the heart fails daily, we so easily
Become disheartened, take time out to discover
Ways of dodging the struggle before it grips us again
In its living, deadly fascination.
Oh the heart fails daily, but only once
Does it fail to pick up again before
It is absolutely and for ever too late.

Too late to mend: the doctors are silent,
Unable to disagree.
They must watch the spring unwind
With their hands in their pockets.
There is nothing for them to do.

But for some death leaves behind
Practical problems which never die
With any death: they are death's children
And we who live their worried guardians.

Only, each time for one, all problems are solved.
It is as if
He who lies dead lies smiling as he thinks
Of the exemption he has won. He has found out
Where it all leads and is telling us
What we have always known but have to be told

The waters are come in unto my soul.
I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing:
I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.
I am weary of my crying: my throat is dried:
mine eyes fail while I wait for my God...

But, third, it is the connection made by God, the choice, the movement into history, which makes the whole situation new. And again and again we hear words like:

Israel whom I have chosen,

or

Thou O Lord art in the midst of us,
and we are called by thy name: leave us not.

I should describe the kind of life in these quotations as being neither religiousness nor philosophy. Neither something apart from the world, nor just an understanding of the world. These people who spoke in that way were more interested in doing and being than in wisdom or understanding. And what they discovered in their painful history was that their life was only completed by the entry into it of God. This really meant two things, so far as their old history was concerned, and their old selves. First, it meant that they saw how hopeless any kind of human independence was. It just led nowhere. Second, it meant that the way forward was by a kind of venture of faith. They certainly found that underneath were the everlasting arms. But they did not know that in advance. In fact, in one sense they never really knew it at all: they lived it: they made the venture, and they were upborne. Hopelessness was replaced by buoyancy, misery by peace, a divided life by the whole life of faith. As Kierkegaard has said, the life of faith is like the swimmer venturing out on an ocean 70,000 fathoms deep, and you are upheld.

I have not invented this strange story. It is the story of a queer people, the chosen people, the particular people whose history counts for us in Europe to an intense degree. Whatever their later story means, the fact is that here you have the first example of a really continuous piece of history running through the rather fragmentary story of mankind. And the fact that it is continuous is due I think to their extraordinary conception of history. History for them has to do with persons, it has to do with particular situations, and in these particular persons and things the reality comes from the relation with God who is the Lord of history.—*Third Programme*

Death

Each time, in every death,
So that which is common may put on uncommonness.

And our turn too will come, our turn will come.
There will come the spring at last when spring will come no more,
As for him this has not come:
When the spring will come no more and the heart no more
Suffer and want things different, for all things
Will be, as for him now they are, out of his folded hands
That quietly wait for those who wait
To see it his way too.

Death is so common, but more than ever is only
Real when it becomes a death for you: your death.
Not when you die
(For that is a death for others)
But when someone gives you a death—
Not a newspaper death, an undifferentiated death
At which you can shrug your shoulders and turn to another page—
But a death for you to deal with,
A death you have been given and cannot refuse.

That death is yours which will teach you
All that can be learned about death.
And when you die yourself
That will be something for someone else to learn.
The death we know in our life is the only death we know,
Our certain share of immortality.

Art

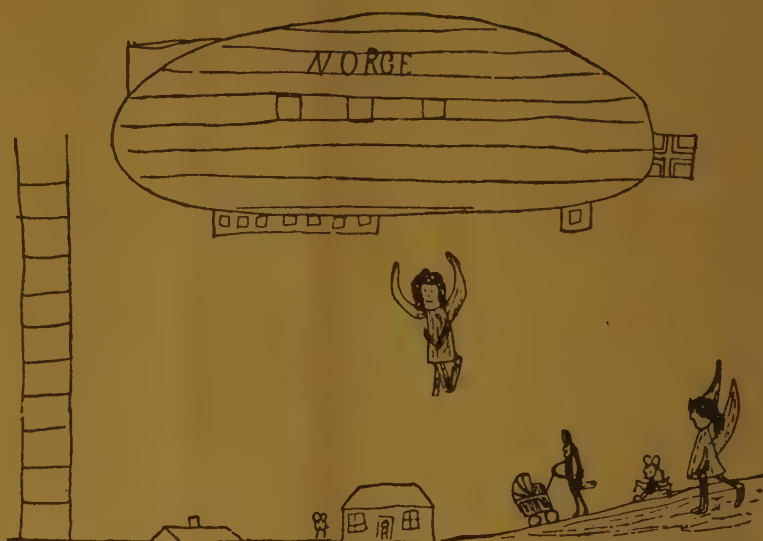
Child Art: Birth to Maturity

By QUENTIN BELL

THOSE who are familiar with Professor Eng's *Psychology of Children's Drawings*, in which the entire creative output of a child was scientifically recorded from the first stroke to the eighth year, need only be informed that this new survey has been continued, in the same thorough manner, up to the age of twenty-five*. This, I imagine, will be sufficient to excite their interest. Those who do not know the former volume, and who are in any way interested in child psychology or the teaching of art, should obtain both books. Taking them together we have a complete record from birth to maturity and one of the most important contributions to this department of knowledge. In this volume we are offered, once more, not only a case history of great interest, but also a general account of the development and psychology of children's drawing, an account which provides both a conspectus and a bibliography of the subject. Here the authoress is able, not only to examine the theoretical speculations suggested by the work of the older child and the adolescent, but also to assess some of the work that has been done on the subject of child art since the publication of her former book in 1931. In doing this she seems to me not only scholarly but level-headed. She provides information, which will be new to most English readers, concerning the relationship between drawing and eidetic imagery and concerning the correlation of artistic ability and intelligence. It is particularly pleasing to find that so eminent an authority takes the view that 'type theories are not especially reliable', these having become, during the past twenty years, one of the richest fields for misapplied ingenuity.

To many readers it must have seemed that the most debatable passage in the *Psychology of Children's Drawings* was that in which Professor Eng attempted, albeit cautiously and with many reservations, to establish a parallel between Aurignacian cave drawings and the art of children. The differences appeared so much greater than the similarities. In this volume she returns to the same argument but enters a more promising field: the similarity between the development of Greek art and that of the child. Here she does find some striking correspondences—they would have been less easy to discover in the case of an English schoolboy than in that of her subject, a Norwegian schoolgirl particularly interested in the human figure—but when she argues from these that 'the evolution of Greek art is an instance of the natural growth of art', she is I think using the word 'natural' in an unjustifiable manner and overlooks the fact that the main preoccupation of the adolescent artist is an attempt to conform with the pictorial conventions and methods of the society in which he lives, and that in the West these derive, however remotely, from Hellenic civilisation.

It is indeed the struggle to conform to socially acceptable standards of drawing, implying as it does the adoption of methods totally opposed to those of the small child, which characterises the whole of the development that is described in this volume. 'Margaret', we are told, was only very slightly affected by the drawing lessons at her school (they seem to have been of a sufficiently tedious and disgusting kind), and what we have in this book is the spontaneous, freely expressed art of her own leisure. Nevertheless, if it is free in the sense of representing her own desires, those desires are ever more strictly bound by adult standards. Her source material is of course foreign to us; nevertheless, it is not hard to see international culture, as represented by the magazine cover and the fashion paper, exerting its influence. The derivative formulae of adolescence replace the personal formulae of childhood and Margaret at seventeen, despite her interest in clothes, has less feeling for colour, texture and pattern than Margaret at seven. Her line, though fluent, is not usually sensitive, she

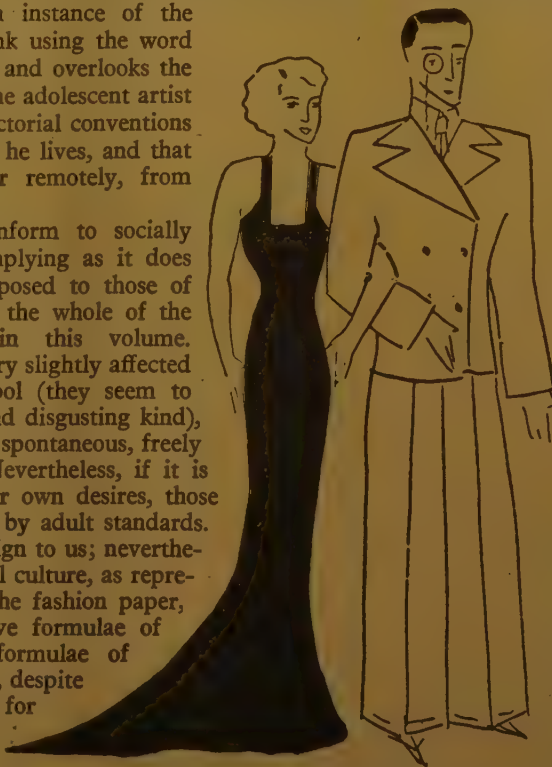


Two drawings by 'Margaret': 'The Airship Norge', made at the age of eight—

has very little understanding of space or light and, although Professor Eng has discovered that she has used the golden section, she has little sense of design (a drawing entitled 'Gymnastics', executed at the age of fifteen, is exceptional in this respect). After leaving school she turns to 'modernistic' decoration of the feeblest variety and to painfully facetious comic drawings.

One may agree that Margaret's drawing from her ninth to her twenty-fourth year is: 'Typical "child drawing" which, unhampered by the usual hindrances, and sustained by a possibly more than average capacity, has reached its climax and achieved its natural aims and ends, in a free spontaneous development'. But her work is not that of a person whose life has been permanently enriched by art, or whose critical faculties have been sharpened. She does not, I fancy, buy or dress with greater discretion, does not furnish a room with more understanding, or comment on an exhibition with greater discernment than a person who had never had opportunities for spontaneous self-expression. One of the things that makes this book so valuable is that it defines, in a negative fashion, the scope of the art teacher. It shows just how much—and how little—the pupil can contribute unaided. Margaret's own teachers failed because they never touched her imagination at all; they would have failed equally if they had left it free to operate within its own narrow frontiers; 'freedom' and 'spontaneity' are misleading words when applied to the art of the adolescent.

The illustrations are abundant and admirably reproduced; in another edition their arrangement might be reconsidered, and the English—for which no translator appears to be responsible—could certainly be improved.



—and 'Man and Woman', made at the age of sixteen

Dartmoor National Park, the first in a series of official guide-books to Britain's National Parks, has been published by the Stationery Office, price 5s. The guide-book was prepared by the Dartmoor National Park Committee, in association with the National Parks Commission, under the editorship of Dr. W. G. Hoskins, Reader in Economic History at the University of Oxford. There are chapters on geology, natural history, prehistoric monuments (including a classified list of those especially worth visiting) and history from Roman times. It is illustrated with photographs, line drawings and maps, including one of the National Park in four colours on a scale of half an inch to one mile.

* *The Psychology of Child and Youth Drawing*. By Helga Eng. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 50s.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Constantin Brancusi

Sir,—I am bewildered by three statements in Sir Herbert Read's obituary of Brancusi. They are:

(i) '... there was a period (between 1904 and 1914) when he associated with Modigliani, the only other sculptor who ever had anything in common with him'. What are the facts? Modigliani only arrived in Paris in 1906, did not meet Brancusi till 1909-10, and was encouraged to make sculpture under his guidance. By 1914 he had already ceased to sculpt.

(ii) 'In the same manner and about the same time as Picasso and other artists, Brancusi felt the impact of African tribal wood sculpture'. Again, what are the facts? The 'discovery' of African Negro sculpture was made by artists of the Fauve group in about 1905; Picasso saw and reacted to African sculpture in 1907, as did Braque. But, as Sir Herbert says, the Negro phase in Brancusi's art 'lasts from about 1914 ... to 1925', that is to say it begins seven years after that of Picasso. I am also at a loss to understand Sir Herbert's claim that Brancusi's 'Prodigal Son', an abstract sculpture, shows him reacting 'in the same manner' to African sculpture as Picasso in his essentially figurative paintings such as 'Les Femmes d'Alger' or 'Nu à la Draperie' (both 1907).

(iii) 'Only during the classical cubist period of Braque and Picasso can Brancusi be said to have belonged to the main current of modern art'. To what period is Sir Herbert here referring? The 'classical cubist period of Braque and Picasso' cannot be any except 1909-14, since by 1919-20 neither of them was practising a pure form of Cubism. But in 1909-14 Brancusi was still a beginner and outside of any 'main current'.—Yours, etc.,

Argilliers DOUGLAS COOPER

Prospect: School Buildings

Sir,—Mr. Tatton Brown's talk in 'Prospect', 'Sense and Sensibility in School Buildings', was most revealing on the doctrinaire attitude of architects.

According to Mr. Brown, faults in school building in the past were due to the conservatism of teachers who base their standards upon classrooms as they knew them in their own schooldays. Architects are forward-looking and know best what is required to meet the needs of the activity concept of education. (It would be informative to have a note of the Education Authorities with whom the views of teachers upon school plans carry any effective weight.)

In support of his view, Mr. Brown cited the south-facing classrooms and wide windows of modern schools, unaware of the widespread unintelligent application of this reorientation which leaves children blinded by the glare of sunlight on their books. There is no possibility of shade. The architect has made no provision for blinds or curtains. Sunlight is good for children.

With evident approval, Mr. Brown sketched some American experiments in school architecture. He saw nothing wrong in the 'umbrella school' with classes working in open bays in a large hall. He even forecast its introduction to this country. With this arrangement one must be prepared to accept a higher noise level, he said casually. In other words, pupils and teachers must accommodate themselves to this nuisance—as they have to the too-common lack

of sound insulation. The quality of learning seldom benefits from the distraction of noises from outside the classroom; but that is no concern of the architect.

It is clear that, to Mr. Brown, experiment with new building techniques is more important than fitting a school for its job. If the local authorities and the Ministry of Education can be sold the idea, teachers and pupils can be left to make the best of a bad job.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 7

ROBERT MACKAY

Party Political Broadcast

Sir,—Lord Brand refuses to admit that science and technology are powerless of themselves to bring about 'general well-being', but he makes no attempt to explain their notable failure to do so during the periods referred to in my letter. In further defence of his belief in the all-sufficiency of science and technology he points to the rise in real wages between 1850 and 1900. He argues that part of this increase 'must have been achieved by the new means available for the easier production of wealth and the growth of international trading'. I do not think anybody would deny this, but it can hardly be treated as a convincing demonstration of science and technology's ability to create 'general well-being' on their own. If we think for a moment of the social conditions enjoyed, or rather endured, by the working people in 1900, and then of the tremendous advances that had been made in science and technology, we can hardly escape the conclusion that at least some of the benefits that should accrue to a community from scientific and technological development can be lost if they are not harnessed to a rational administration.

Lord Brand's reference to the United States surprised me, for unless miserable masses of unemployed are compatible with his lordship's idea of 'general well-being', the contemporary social scene in that country must provide a perfect refutation of his arguments.

In the last paragraph of his letter Lord Brand points out that, 'had knowledge in the means of producing more material wealth with less human effort not advanced since 1850, nothing that governments themselves could have done would have raised the standard of life'. I have not of course made any extravagant claims for 'governments themselves'. I have certainly never suggested that good government could render science and technology redundant. All I have claimed for good government is, that without it, science and technology cannot make their proper contribution to human well-being. Had Lord Brand's claims on behalf of scientific and technological progress been as modestly phrased, I think I should have been in perfect agreement with him.—Yours, etc.,

Clynder

ALEX. H. BEVERIDGE

Science or Fiction?

Sir,—Whilst it was pleasant to read an article dealing with science fiction which was informed and neither churlish nor condescending, I would suggest that the 'argument' discussed by John Bowen in 'Science or Fiction?' (THE LISTENER, April 4) besides being stale is today purely artificial and, as a facet of literary science fiction, non-existent.

Both Mr. Moore and Mr. Aldiss are newcomers to science fiction; Mr. Bowen's use of

the label 'the New School' is unfortunate—the opinions expressed by Mr. Moore quoted by Mr. Bowen were the foundation of popular science fiction thirty years ago when propounded by Hugo Gernsback and practised by him in 'sugar-coated science'. Quite quickly, the idea of spoon-feeding popular science between mouthfuls of stodgy fiction was shown to be impracticable for the ordinary reader. So, please, Mr. Bowen, don't stir up that old hash again. There have been quizzically raised eyebrows among the older science fictionists; let's find a new debating point.

As long as there are Mr. Moores there will be writers deadly anxious to thrust down the throats of their readers their own particular theories (which they may well change tomorrow) at the expense of literary style and graciousness. As long as there are Mr. Aldisses there will be writers who just love to sing about the wonderful fairylands open to scientific magic without caring a fig for the technician who does the brain work to make those marvels come about. Which is just as it should be.

The theory of parallel time tracks mentioned by Mr. Bowen was first used in fiction by Murray Leinster and Jack Williamson. Mr. Bowen's last paragraph is a hodge-podge of fluffy thinking. By definition, science fiction will always remain science fiction, never a part of the main stream of literature. To take Mr. Bowen's example: in 1857 to write of a double-decker omnibus would have been science fiction; today even Virginia Woolf is not disturbed.

Today we write of spaceships of 2057 and call it science fiction; in 2057 it will be life; but they will be writing of parapsychological space-transporters of 2157 and calling it science fiction. And so on. Man, I venture to suggest, will never catch up with his imagination.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.6

H. KEN BULMER

Style and Vision

Sir,—In Mr. Newton's persuasive series 'Style and Vision' it seems as if he, like all successful art historians nowadays, has summed up the mysteries of great paintings by the simple process of classifying them into periods and centuries, thus labelling each painter not good, bad, or indifferent—that he dare not do—but into categories, as in the cinema we have 'A', 'U', or 'X'.

Because Ruskin classified Poussin as an 'imitator of Raphael', Mr. Newton feels safe in not thinking too highly of Poussin, instancing his 'Rape of Proserpina' compared with the Rubens approach. I wonder if Mr. Newton has really looked at Poussin in the Louvre. If he had, he would not then use adjectives like 'stiff' and 'manufactured'. Such abuse of the Old Masters is very annoying to us young painters in search of standards. Poussin is clearly French in temperament and to make a comparison between him and Rubens leads us nowhere. His influence on Millet, Degas, and Delacroix, to name but a few, is profound and lasting, and on future painters by no means finished.

If his series hopes to 'educate the masses' then he is doing no more good or evil than any other branch of 'cultural projects'.

Some of us have time to visit the Louvre and look for ourselves, but we are having a difficult time in keeping out of our mind the 'isms' which is the only classification that the non-painter art historian knows.—Yours, etc.,

Paris

JOHN SEMMENCE

Sir,—It seems rather a pity that while comparing the artistic value of a photograph and a painting, Mr. Eric Newton should have been driven to settling the argument by 'a mathematical test', thus making the issue a purely material one, degrading to any form of art. His contention that the superiority of a Cézanne painting is proved by the fact that people are willing to pay several thousand times more for it than for a Cartier Bresson proves nothing. Are not people also prepared to pay thousands for a single postage stamp?—Yours, etc.,

St. Leonards-on-Sea ANGELA GARDNER

Cultural Broadcasting

Sir,—In your article 'Cultural Broadcasting' (THE LISTENER, March 28) you mentioned the Nachtprogramm of the North and West German Radio. Since December 1956, there exists, however, in addition to that programme a Drittes Programm, broadcast daily by the Nord-deutscher Rundfunk Hamburg exclusively on V.H.F. from about 8 till 10.30 p.m. The pattern

of that programme is similar to that of your excellent Third Programme.—Yours, etc.,
Delmenhorst

GUNTHER REBING

The Commonwealth Society

Sir,—May I express sincere thanks for the admirable and lucid talks by Mr. William Clark on Africa, especially the concluding one on African Nationalism? These as it happened coincided with and gave added point to a proposal which led to a recent letter in *The Observer* on behalf of a group interested in Commonwealth affairs. This brought a wide response from all parts of the country, and as a result The Commonwealth Society is in process of formation. It is felt that a new approach is needed, that an 'Empire' mentality or background is no longer appropriate, and that there is room for a society of people who, while conscious of the heritage of the past, fully accept and believe in the Commonwealth as it exists today and look forward to the still greater role which an expanding Commonwealth of all races, colours and creeds

has to play in the future world order. This is exemplified especially in Africa, but other countries too are qualifying as members of the Commonwealth. If any of your readers are interested, I shall be happy to send them particulars of the movement.

Yours, etc.,

W. E. SIMNETT

132 Princes Avenue, London, W.3

Samuel Palmer

Sir,—I wonder if any of your readers could give me information concerning the life or work of the painter, Samuel Palmer (1805—1881). I am writing his biography while stationed in Germany, and any correspondence on the subject would be gratefully accepted.

Yours, etc.,

CHRISTOPHER J. CROWE

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Town, Mine, and Village

(continued from page 589)

industrialisation will certainly continue to go full steam ahead in Africa, and it seems to me that it is in the development of these resources that the West still has its most important part to play in Africa. At present capital is proving hard to get because of the fear that it may soon be expropriated in the name of nationalism. Somehow it must prove possible, at least within the Commonwealth, to overcome these fears, so that Britain will play its part in developing to the full the resources of these countries with which we have been mixed up, so fruitfully, for so long.

Industrialisation is one factor that is breaking up the old tribal system of Africa: it is not the only one. The whole process of education and modernisation naturally tends to shake up people and break up the unquestioned customs on which tribal life rested. A boy who has gone away from the village school to a boarding secondary school in town, and even more to the university, will never return to the tribe in quite his old relationship. As a result, virtually all the leaders of the new Africa are men who in accepting a western education have grown apart from their tribe. I suppose, in fact, that the new African Prime Ministers regard the powerful, paramount chiefs with much the same distrust that the early English monarchs regarded the great barons—they are rivals and must be cut down to size. Though I do not want to overdraw this picture, in the long run I expect that the modern centralised state will prevail over the conservatism of the chiefs; their authority will slowly wither or be redistributed more equally to their own people. Their titles and perhaps their formal position will remain but, like the Indian Princes or the English barons, they will find that political power cannot long remain hereditary when there are ambitious men anxious to seize it.

So, bit by bit and often at the breakneck speed which is typical of modern African development, the people are becoming detribalised. Is this progress? Not necessarily. At present there are signs that in losing their tribal associations Africans gain nothing to compensate. The customary basis of life is destroyed without the basis of reason being substituted. In the big industrial compounds of Kitwe, or in the sprawling town of Lagos, they simply become a proletariat, a collection of individuals without

head or purpose. I do not mean that they are necessarily poor; I do mean that they have lost that assurance of status, that certainty of belonging, which the tribe gave them. Many of them, I believe, feel that they have lost much more than money can repay, and there is a considerable drift back to the village from the town, at least for a period, until it becomes necessary to earn again; but the children born in the town often have no village and no tribe to return to. They are irrevocably detribalised.

Naturally, in the towns Africans try to invent substitutes for their tribes; that is the origin of the myriads of clubs, clans, societies, and groups which are such a characteristic of African cities. Football clubs, dancing clubs, religious sects, are amongst these substitutes, to which the most passionate loyalty becomes attached. But it is more significant that the vague discontent of these uprooted people is often canalised into political activity. The African trade unions, with their sickness benefit and so on, are the beginning of an adequate substitute for the paternalism of the tribe, and the extraordinary loyalty and discipline of the union members (even when they are sometimes very badly led) is perhaps a reflection of their traditional loyalty to the chief. Political parties are another tribe-substitute.

What I find somewhat disturbing about these developments is that the vague sense of frustration which afflicts so many detribalised Africans tends to spill over into these political and trade-union organisations. Seeking for something that will unite them they tend to find it in opposition to some other group and in particular some other race. In the towns the rough edges of the two races rub together; the slums and the residential areas, one black the other white, produce contact without an established relationship. This makes both races self-conscious, aware of how much divides them. It is in the hunger of these uprooted masses, this hunger for a sense of status that I see the origins of most of the race hatred that occasionally bubbles up amongst Africans. The need is to find some positive focus of loyalty to replace the tribe, to make the detribalised African feel that he is a member of some community in which he has a status, and that there is a purpose to his life beyond that of getting just enough to eat. This last point is not easy, for so many Africans prefer leisure (by

which they tend to mean sleeping in the sun) to any other reward. This may be regarded as a highly civilised point of view, but it is one that makes such Africans very bad workers in industry, and consequently very frustrated members of an industrial community where they are constantly in conflict with authority which is urging them to work far beyond what they regard as the essential minimum. Here I do see great hope in the attempts of business men to interest industrial workers in more and more consumer goods. When these African workers start to want not only a bicycle but also a gramophone and an electric torch, more than they want leisure, they begin to fit into an industrial society better, and at the same time lose many of their frustrations as they gain the status of men of property.

For there is amongst many Africans today a good deal of surplus wealth. The post-war boom in primary products, coming after the long depression of the inter-war years, has made the Gold Coast farmer, or the Rhodesian copper miner, or Uganda coffee planter comparatively rich, it has often transformed him from a peasant farmer into a member of the emerging middle class. The transformation is sudden and not very smooth because middle-class habits are new to most Africans, since most of the middle class in the past has been European or Asian. Yet even in Southern Rhodesia I was shown a village sponsored by the Government in which there were African freeholders proudly aware that for the first time in their history they, as town and city dwellers, owned their houses and their gardens. Here I think we can see progress towards helping Africans to adjust to the modern world which is inevitably invading their continent. But do not let anyone imagine that the process can be stopped at that point; once an African middle class begins to emerge, as it is doing, it will be the loudest in demanding to control its own government, as it is doing.

Here we come up against the most powerful force in Africa today—nationalism, about which I shall have more to say in my last talk. Nationalism is the inevitable result of these processes which have broken up the tribal unit, leaving the Africans to find some substitute for their loyalties. The most important single task before the West today is to ensure that African nationalism does not become our enemy.

—Home Service

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Votes for Women

By Roger Fulford. Faber. 25s.

THERE ARE PEOPLE who like to talk about the 'dignity of history', with a *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* air. Dignity, however, can scarcely be applied to the history of England between the death of Queen Victoria and August 4, 1914. In spite of many admirable, heroic or pathetic episodes, the general atmosphere is one of a riotous harlequinade, in which even men of weight sometimes appear as Pantaloon; the public clowns, of course, are countless. In his introduction, Mr. Fulford assures us that he has striven to avoid diminishing the dignity of the women's cause and adds of those who suffered imprisonment that 'their courage will, without undue emphasis in these pages, never be far from the mind of the reader'. Strive as he may, his narrative cannot avoid the comic, though to be just, it should be said that it is rarely the women but the men who appear grotesque. Still at moments even Mr. Fulford's piety is shaken and he permits himself a demure crack, though with a touch of apprehension that the ghost of 'General' Flora Drummond may be behind his chair.

The Cause has a longer and more respectable history than is popularly supposed; but from 1832 to 1903, the year of the foundation of the Women's Social and Political Union, while women were gradually becoming prominent in public life, an Octavia Hill, a Josephine Butler, an Emily Davies, the question of enfranchisement remained largely academic. By 1900, it was admitted by the wiser members of the political parties that the next Reform Bill would have to include the vote for women.

At this date, the suffrage was still as laid down in the Act of 1884, that is it was not universal for men. Therefore enfranchisement of women could not go beyond this limit. Yet no political party could afford to sponsor the women's suffrage movement. The young Labour party, after a preliminary flirtation, discovered that the working man had no desire to see his wife voting. The Conservatives were split between their intelligentsia, the Cecils and Balfours, and such die-hards as that inimitable fossil, Sir Frederick Banbury, while the Liberals, particularly after the victory of 1906, feared that a franchise limited to property-owners would favour the Tories. Thus, although bills occasionally obtained a second reading, no government adopted the Cause. The debates, alas! afforded members who believed themselves humorists opportunities for the most lamentable displays. The reviewer has a still vivid memory of hearing a speech of staggering fatuity from Colonel Mark Lockwood in the Commons in 1907. As Lord Hugh Cecil said, 'One of the peculiarities of this controversy is that it disorders the faculties of even the ablest of men'. No wonder the women were roused to indignation and violence.

Three-fifths of the book concern the militants' activities from October, 1906 to the outbreak of war. It is a mixture of silliness, sentimentality, courage, cruelty, vulgarity and ribaldry, a tale of assaults on ministers, smashed windows, damaged masterpieces, arson and other public mischief, with on the other side heavy-handed police, maddened prison officials, forcible feeding, cat-and-mouse acts and so forth, injuries and even death. The W.S.P.U. split more than once (Mr. Fulford, by the way, omits the break between the two elder Pankhursts and Miss Sylvia), but Mrs. Pankhurst remained the leader,

a woman of formidable energy, but no political sense, and moreover a snob. It is a sorry tale.

On the whole, Mr. Fulford has done what he set out to do, to produce a sober history of the suffrage conflict. But the feminist movement was in fact far wider and more serious than the struggle for the vote. Moreover in the period of militancy, the vote was the least important of public questions. The matters exercising the public mind were the revolution in the theory of public expenditure begun by Asquith and continued by Lloyd George, with as *sequelae* the trouble with the House of Lords, followed by the Irish question. There were the problems of naval armament and the German fleet menace. And there was the great syndicalist struggle which was cut short by the war. By isolating the 'suffragette' story, Mr. Fulford gives it an importance it did not possess. In the general history of the time, it is a minor spectacle and no more. In a somewhat obscure phrase (page 301) Mr. Fulford seems to attribute to Mrs. Pankhurst (with Parnell) the injection of unreasoning violence into political controversy and to believe that of all the threatening storms of the period that of Votes for Women was the only one to break. Has he not heard of Tony-pandy? Has he never noticed that the Mother of Parliaments more than once picked up her skirts and went out on the batter? And why Parnell, who held the wild men back?

Letters from Goethe. Translated by M. Herzfeld and C. Melvil Sym.

Edinburgh University Press. 42s.

From the extant letters written by Goethe—there are more than 13,000 of them—not quite 600 have been included in this selection, with a view to making palpable something of the scope of the poet's intellect and affections. The fourteen illustrations in the text include drawings by Goethe himself, and there is an informative index and two maps of the Grand Duchy of Weimar. The introduction by Professor W. H. Bruford gives, as we know we can expect from the author of *Germany in the Eighteenth Century* and *Theatre, Drama and Audience in Goethe's Germany*, a lucid and scholarly portrait of the man against the background of eighteenth-century German social life.

The letters written before the Italian journey reveal the volatile sensibility and the lithe intellect of Goethe's earlier manhood. Writing to his sister from Leipzig, before he was eighteen, he says: 'I am not at all conceited, so that I can trust my own convictions that I have some of the qualities essential for a poet, and that I could become one if I worked hard'. To Rococo gracefulness is joined the Rousseauistic cult of feeling, so that his work becomes 'the stored-up joy and sorrow of my life'. Affectionate in disposition, the need to give and receive friendship repeatedly asserts itself, demonstratively in youth, more calmly in later years. Goethe's generosity with money and his readiness to sacrifice time and energy in order to advise and help the needy and distressed are one aspect of this warmth of personality. The image of the charioteer and his horses, as used in the letter to Herder of July 1772, illustrates another side of his temperament: 'When you stand in a chariot, full of courage, and your four unbroken horses rear up in wild disorder against your reins, when you control their strength, force back with your whip the horse that pulls to one

side, force down the horse that rears up, driving them on again till all sixteen legs fall in step and carry you to the goal, that is mastery . . . virtuosity'.

In middle and later life the correspondence grows more voluminous, though less immediately exciting as the revelation of a personality. Goethe's many-sided interests are displayed: his studies of anatomy, geology, physics, botany, art and sculpture, his activities as administrator and as manager of the Weimar court theatre. The friendship with Schiller provides a unique sequence of epistolary exchanges. It is to Schiller that Goethe writes: 'In conversation with strangers or mere acquaintances I prefer a minor topic or at least a less eloquent expression. I like to appear less serious than I am and place myself between what I am and what I appear to be'. And again: 'You have taught me to look more fairly at the complexity of the inner man, you have given me a second youth and made me a poet once more, when I had practically ceased to be one'. Contemporary with the more elaborate correspondence with Schiller are the homely, unpretentious letters to Christiane Vulpius.

The letters of his old age show Goethe's mind stoical and serene, and as alert as ever. To Thomas Carlyle he writes in 1827: 'It is clear that for some time past the best poets and writers of literary works of all nations have aimed at what is common to all men . . . One can hardly hope that this will lead to universal peace; it may, however, make the inevitable conflict grow gradually less acute, war less cruel and victory less insolent'. A few weeks after the death of the Grand-Duke Karl August in 1828, he consoles Count Brühl whose son has just died:

Here before me was that great problem which, it may well be, is not given to man to solve. If we look at ourselves in every situation of our lives we find that from our first breath to our last we are conditioned by outward things. And yet we are left the supreme freedom to develop within ourselves in such a way as to bring ourselves into harmony with the moral order of the world and so despite all possible hindrances to attain to peace with ourselves.

The translators and editors of this volume of Goethe's letters have excellently performed the task of helping English readers to a more intimate knowledge of one of the most civilised and universal of European poets.

Extra-Special Correspondent

By G. Ward Price. Harrap. 21s.

Good journalists, particularly foreign correspondents, get near to the centre of interesting events, if not necessarily to their meaning: and Mr. Ward Price is evidently a good journalist. From the Balkan War of 1912 to Korea, he was there. What is interesting about his book is this: all the events he here chronicles at leisure and in retrospect, he must have already written about at the time they occurred, in the heat, excitement and difficulty of the moment. Occasionally, he gives us a sample of his original dispatches. Here is one:

You can't come to Afghanistan by ship: it has no seaboard.

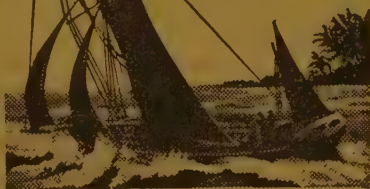
You can't come by train: it has no railways.

You can't come by air: it has no civilian landing grounds.

And I warn you against coming by car: it has no roads.

Roads are certainly marked on the map, but

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when it comes to driving along them you find nothing but appalling tracks, hardly discernible in places, and so rough that no British farmer would send a wheelbarrow over them.

That must have been admirable stuff to read in the *Daily Mail*, and it is still admirable: vivid, rhythmic, and in its way effective reportage. But it is clearly an insufficient foundation for a book, and this autobiography, lacking as it must the spur of immediacy, cannot use it. Instead, there is a smooth yet curiously inflexible correctness, a feeling almost—though it may seem an odd thing to say of a man who has spent forty successful years at a typewriter—of awkwardness. There are too many phrases like 'the historic pomp of the vast Vatican with its traditional uniforms and old-time richness of marble, silk and gold'.

The moral is that 'I was there' is only half the story. Though the events are sometimes interesting, they have mostly been chronicled elsewhere more impressively, some of them many times; and though the book contains—particularly in its early chapters, where Mr. Price writes about less familiar events of before the first world war—some intriguing stories and glimpses into half-forgotten worlds, these, and a few anecdotes of Churchill, Mussolini, and Hitler, are somehow unsatisfying. Journalism—unless you are Koestler, Orwell, or Hemingway—remains obstinately journalism, while a book, as Gertrude Stein once observed, is a book is a book.

The Night Has Been Unruly

By J. C. Trewin. Hale, 21s.

There are books about actors, about plays and playwrights, even about production. The definitive biography of the all-important audience has yet to be written. That blunt monster is not an easy subject. He communicates, as well as being communicated with, but how? Except on the comparatively rare occasions when he is roused to gargantuan ribaldry or Calibanesque displays of hero-worship, he can be reliably interpreted, like the changeable moon, only by his waxing and waning. He gives the drama's laws, or maybe its anarchy, by silently swelling or shrinking his amorphous bulk from one night to the next.

The title of Mr. Trewin's latest book suggests a chronicle of the monster's misdemeanours when much moved. There are indeed chapters on the price riots at Covent Garden a century and a half ago, and a fistful of fateful first nights. But theatre critics are, by trade, entered for all events, and none now takes a more Pepsian pleasure in the varieties and vicissitudes of the passing show than this author. His book is therefore less to be censured for diversity of topics than for limiting itself even to the English stage in the past two centuries or so, and keeping to a roughly chronological order. Why not also Shakespeare facing a stormy first night audience as an actor in Jonson's 'Sejanus', or the Parisian pitched battles over modern productions of 'Coriolanus' for instance?

Shakespeare, or rather our fantastic tricks in the face of Shakespeare, provide most of the matter, however. We start with the belated bicentenary celebrations, Garrick glorifying himself and the Bard, in that order, and giving his critics the Avonian willies with an orotund ode in the rain-soaked temporary rotunda. (Mr. Trewin says that only one line of Shakespeare's was heard, a misquotation from 'Caesar'. But he quotes from the ode a line that Garrick put in quotation marks to show it was hammed from 'Hamlet' which at least brings up the score to two.) In an entertaining account of the Ireland forgeries there is a surprising stinginess in the supply of snippets from 'Vorugern', of which we get less than a score of lines. Recount-

ing the triumphs of the Young Roscius, Master Betty, Mr. Trewin surely lapses into legend when he says that Hamlet was 'a part the boy's sponge-like memory soaked up in three hours'. If it did, did not the sponge dry on the first night?

These are trivial objections to a book that may turn up on any page something as amusing as the involuntary entrance of the tempestuous actor Cooke, when he concealed himself in a thunder-barrel with the cannon-balls. It broke loose and rolled on to the stage where the stowaway was spilled out among the bewildered Witches. Or we may look here upon this picture, of John Coleman's ludicrous Pericles at Stratford in 1920, in pink fleshings, worsted football stockings, green satin boots, all sewn with strips of seaweed, and a beautifully curled and oiled yellow wig, beard and moustache; or on this, of Sir Laurence Olivier's masterly performance when Stratford finally tackled 'Titus Andronicus' in 1955, a memorable production now to be revived for Paris and the West End.

Other authors' agonies are not overlooked. The names of Charles Lamb, Lord Byron and Henry James, of Noël Coward and William Douglas Home, figure in variously mocked first nights, along with the deservedly forgotten ones of the author of 'Young England' and the piece that drew a rain of stink-bombs from the gallery of the Garrick Theatre in 1920, when the plot lay outside the play. Mr. Trewin is not the man to mar a curious tale in telling it. As a bedside book, *The Night Has Been Unruly* would have consoled rather than cured Macbeth's chronic insomnia.

Poetry in Our Time. By Babette Deutsch. Oxford, for Columbia University Press. 40s.

Everybody's Guide to Nothing-in-Particular becomes an increasingly popular form of modern journalism—and an increasingly dangerous one. Vast books distribute the grossest over-simplifications through ever-widening circles until, nowadays, there is practically not a one of us who can consider himself free from misconceptions that would startle some specialists into a mixture of laughter, anger and despair: and, of course, we regard these misconceptions as unalterable truths. It is therefore gratifying to be able to pay tribute to the re-issue of this generous volume which covers, in considerable detail, the whole field of poetry in the English language during the present century. Written with charm and clarity, it could occasion serious misconceptions only among those, and there are not a few of them, who are quite incapable of reading the words as they appear on the page.

Like all of us, Miss Deutsch has her bias. A liberal and scholarly humanist, she prefers a poetry that is not too aridly intellectual and that concentrates on moral truth and sensuous experience rather than upon social problems or the abstractions of linguistics. Yet, though she acknowledges her preferences with a charming lack of guile, she succeeds in being conspicuously fair to such very different genres as the later work of Lawrence and the entire opera of Wallace Stevens. Even more important than such isolated acts of objectivity is her ability to keep her subject in continual clear-sighted focus and to integrate the most diverse material into an order that looks natural and simple though it must have taken much heavy thinking.

Some of her judgements, admittedly, do not succeed in crossing the Atlantic without losing the inevitability she attributes to them. Many English readers, for example, would agree with her that John Crowe Ransom is a more important poet than Robert Graves ('better known as a novelist than as a poet'), but it is doubtful if

any would extend the same honour to Richard Eberhart, though Miss Deutsch seems to have no qualms about devoting two pages to Mr. Eberhart, and two sentences, including the remark quoted, to Mr. Graves. The total absence of the name of Phelps Putnam might strike most Americans, as well as some Englishmen, as a strange oversight.

But, if Miss Deutsch is to be criticised, it should not be on the grounds of exclusiveness: rather the opposite. In a period of sixty years it is highly improbable that some thoroughly bad poets have not gained considerable reputations, and it might have been worth while pointing out that this is, in fact, the case. The reasons for their rise in the public's estimation would make an interesting essay.

Such a labour would, however, have been totally alien to Miss Deutsch's purpose of universal sympathy and understanding. Liberal humanism impedes the most critical mind from making such harsh but necessary judgements. It rests content with saying: 'The poor fellow did his best', and seldom continues 'but his best wasn't good enough'. Apart from this one, purely negative, objection it can safely be said that this is as good a general survey of modern poetry as is likely to be written in prose.

The Child and the Outside World

By D. W. Winnicott.

Tavistock Publications. 16s.

This is a companion volume to Dr. Winnicott's recent book: *The Child and the Family*. It consists of two dozen articles grouped under three headings: 'Care of Growing Children', 'Children under Stress', and 'Reflections on Impulse in Children'. They date between 1939 and 1954. Most are reprints from the *New Era*.

It is open to doubt whether writers act wisely in collecting articles from journals, or talks on the air, which may appear too ephemeral or outdated when presented in more permanent form. This of course depends on the writer. Dr. Winnicott has a kind of charm and sincerity, with a simplicity of purpose, which entitles him to do this. Whether he is writing or talking about adopted children, breast-feeding, or delinquency, he brings the same insights and the same guiding principles to his varied themes.

Sometimes he appears naive and is profound; sometimes it seems the other way round. He does not study his audience overmuch; they can take it or leave it, but he always seems to hope that they are taking it. For example when speaking to an audience of magistrates he starts by saying: 'First I invite consideration of the word unconscious', and adds: 'Every magistrate is fully aware that thieves have unconscious motives'. (Is this naive or ironic?). He now switches over to defend orthodox Court proceedings: '... the magistrate gives expression to public revenge feelings, and only by so doing can the foundation be laid for a humane treatment of the offender'. Then back to unconscious motivation: 'When a child steals outside the home he is still looking for his mother, but he is seeking with more sense of frustration, and increasingly needing to find at the same time the paternal authority that will put an end to the actual effect of his impulsive behaviour...'. This article and the preceding one on 'The Impulse to Steal' do throw vivid gleams on the subject, but the light is often to be seen through a kind of obscurity, clear though it must be to the writer.

Dr. Winnicott is both a pure Freudian and beyond Freud; he has his own way of interpretation and outlook, and much tolerance. The chapter on 'The Child and Sex' gives a certain freshness to themes that are by now almost hackneyed. There is in this section a suggestion

which could shed much light on some obscure disorders of an apparently physical nature in children, when he says that 'sexual excitement' might well be the cause of those psychosomatic complaints which recur in periodic form in some children; the term 'recurring instinctual tension,' which he uses with the same meaning, would be more acceptable to an orthodox pediatrician.

In another article, 'Sex Education in Schools', he objects to the set instruction in class: 'Sex instruction scares away the poetry and leaves the function and sex parts high and dry and banal'. And again: 'There is something better than knowledge about sex, and that is the discovery of it by the individual', which phrase might mean almost anything in this connection, and one has to guess a bit what he is really saying.

The middle section, mostly B.B.C. talks on evacuation and war-time problems, might have seemed out of date; but it is worth preserving the fresh experiences which were so vivid and revealing at that time: a crucible of experience which will not happen again. Particularly telling is the broadcast entitled 'Home Again', written in 1945, which sought to prepare parents for the difficulties as well as the joys of reunion; it is told in simple yet deeply revealing and deeply felt language.

This is a work of insight and sincerity by one who understands children and the world outside them.

G. K. Chesterton. An Anthology.

With an introduction by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. The World's Classics. Oxford. 7s.

Chesterton, if not perhaps a 'world's classic', was certainly, as this admirable anthology proves on almost every page, a brilliant writer who touched nothing—travel, criticism, fiction, drama, poetry, essays—which he did not most wittily adorn. The sheer pleasure-content of this book far exceeds that of almost anything being written today. And those who fancy that they are irrevocably biased against him because of his religious opinions should begin by turning to the extract on Orthodoxy which contains the characteristic remark that 'to be sane is more dramatic than to be mad': in that short sentence both the statement and the adjective epitomise the man who wrote it. Chesterton was no fool: behind the genial and expansive façade was a brain which, if it had not been so completely journalistic in the best possible sense, might have taken him anywhere in the world of philosophy. Mr. Lewis in his introduction quotes the praise of Gilson himself for G.K.C.'s *St. Thomas Aquinas*.

As a literary critic Chesterton has probably been underrated. So often he gets so very near to a truth which the academic plodder would never even have guessed to exist. He does this for Tennyson, as when he says of him that he 'always managed to make the main poem mean exactly what he did not mean', while the remark that Tennyson 'was almost the only poet laureate who was not ridiculous' is a very acute social as well as literary judgement. And he is much better on, and fairer to, Hardy than that other 'orthodox' critic, Mr. Eliot. The excellence of his prose is at times Orwellian: particularly in his essay on those good bad books, the Sherlock Holmes stories.

The present Anthology only contains one short story (from *The Club of Queer Trades*) and should be read in conjunction with the collection of Father Brown stories already in the World's Classics. Although the compiler was anxious not to include over-familiar work, it was surely a pity to omit 'Lepanto' and 'The Donkey'

from the poetry section. And how tantalising is the last scene of G.K.C.'s only play, 'Magic'. Will it ever be revived on the stage?

From Renoir to Picasso: Artists I have known. By Michel Georges-Michel. Gollancz. 21s.

It is important to notice the sub-title of this book, for M. Georges-Michel writes not about painting, but about painters. Like the good journalist that he is he devotes himself almost entirely to the artists, saying only a few words about their art and allowing us to infer what we may from the anecdotes that he relates. He makes his intentions clear in a foreword and the reader should not expect, in a short book which includes notes on almost every well known French painter of our century and quite a few which are more than half forgotten, any very profound biographical studies. This is in fact, for the most part, gossip; and naturally those painters who have provided an abundant supply of good stories, such as Henry de Groux or Picabia, receive far more attention than would be the case if this work were arranged upon some aesthetic principle.

All this being granted and allowed for the reader need not be disappointed and will indeed find much amusement. There are a great many amusing stories, even though some are not entirely new; and some of them shed a revealing light upon the artists concerned. The description of the first night of 'Parade' is memorable; the author excels when his observations are slightly flavoured with malice and when he adventures into the *beau monde*, of which he gives an appreciative description. He is familiar with Venice, Deauville and New York; but it is Paris and, in particular Montparnasse, with its bewildering plethora of painters, its fierce competition and its real or apparent men of genius that emerges most clearly in these pages.

The historian, no less than the follower of fashions in art, will find this book useful. He will not find it difficult to read, for the author writes with gusto in that effective style, abrupt and sometimes almost telegraphic, which is usual in modern French *reportage*, coming swiftly to the point and, when it has been made, tailing away into little dots. . . . It is the kind of rapid conversational manner which is very readable in the original but which sets the translator the most appallingly difficult tasks, tasks which have, in this instance, been achieved with some success. The book is illustrated, in part, by the artists themselves and in part by the author who, inevitably, does not appear to very great advantage as a draughtsman.

The Winter Garden

By M. J. Jefferson-Brown. Faber. 18s.

It is in a winter like the last that winter flowers come into their own. Never have the Witch-hazel and Cornelian Cherry made a braver show, nor the Wintersweet scented the garden more powerfully under the watery sun. And night after night the Daphne Laureola, which reserves its most delectable odours for warm winter nights, has poured them forth beneath the beech trees in the Cotswold woods.

It is one of the eccentricities of the English climate to give us, even in more normal years, some weeks of spring in January before the full fury of the winter unfolds. Even the worst winters have some periods of mild weather during which such winter flowers as we grow may remind us of the delights in store. But Mr. Jefferson-Brown does not think we grow enough of them and those who read his book will find it difficult to disagree. It is hard to draw a dividing line between the seasons, but

every plant in this book can be relied upon to make its contribution to the garden between November and March. Last winter many were flowering continually: the heathers and helebore for instance. The difficulty of finding a place where heathers will look at all natural has deterred people from indulging in their riot of winter flower. The helebore on the other hand come in colours of so low a key that many are unaware of their curious beauty. The excellent chapter on each will win them new admirers. Cyclamens, crocuses and colchicums are dealt with comprehensively and the chapter on bulbs and corms covers the winter aconites and snowdrops, and the winter flowering members of the families of daffodil, tulip, iris, snowflake and anemone.

It is only when he comes to trees and shrubs that Mr. Jefferson-Brown seems less at home. The Japanese quinces are too valuable for such brief and incomplete mention, and of *corylopsis* desirable for its strong smell of cowslips there are several better species than *spicata*. No account of winter flowering cherries is complete without Fudan-zakura, nor of the plums without the Mirabelle and its purple forms *Pissardii* and *Blireiana*, whether one likes them or not.

It was a happy idea to include chapters not only on berries and leaves, but also on barks. But here again the omissions are worrying to anyone who cares for these delights. To commend the weeping willow *salix babylonica*, and omit the golden weeping willow *salix alba tristis* is inexplicable. Why no mention of the yellow twigged ash and alder or the red twigged lime? But in spite of shortcomings this is a useful book and worth having for its chapters on heathers and helebore alone.

A Young Victorian in India

Letters of H. M. Kisch. Edited by Ethel A. Waley-Cohen. Cape. 25s.

The prescription of reading an old book whenever a new one appears seems especially apt in the well-stocked but now neglected field of Anglo-Indian memoirs and letters. Beside Sleeman or Meadows-Taylor the letters of H. M. Kisch which his daughter has rescued may seem prosaic. Even the descriptions of famine—interesting in what they convey of a young civilian's responsibilities and powers—do not raise the epistolary temperature. But perhaps their value to the historian lies in their reflection of a prosaic period: 1874-89, after the Mutiny, before the Deluge.

The chronicler of the servants of Crown and Company, Philip Woodruff, calls attention in his preface to Kisch's 'detached, almost sociological, attitude to those who were still called the natives of India'. It is on such detachment, considered as characteristic, that hindsight is likely to fasten, and so it is fair to quote Kisch on the difference between the Buddhist hill-people of the Arakan, with whom he could mix, and the Hindus and Mohammedans of India with whom he could not. 'People will not speak their thoughts to men who refuse to eat the same food as they themselves eat, or eat it in the same way, who in fact appear to them to be too different from themselves'. With the hill-men, he thought, 'it would be wrong to lose the chance that offers to make sympathy between the two races possible'; but one is left in doubt whether he did not share the disgust of 'the unofficial English' of Calcutta with the viceroyalty of Lord Ripon—whose chief offence, of course, was to have tried to remove racial discrimination from judicial proceedings. Among engaging photographs is a documentary portrait of a Calcutta drawing-room in the 1880s.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Here and There

AN EVEN BETTER informed man than I was a week ago, I hasten, before I forget it, to make use of some of my newly acquired knowledge in pursuit of which I suffered total immersion under the Aegean Sea with Hans and Lotte Hass on Sunday and there hobnobbed with sharks and a variety of less formidable fry, surfacing in time to return next day to Warsaw with Christopher Chataway and look in at Woburn Abbey on Tuesday with Hywel Davies to be shown round by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and their three sons. Thence on Wednesday to the Dragonby mine in Lincoln-



'At Home' with the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey on April 2: left, a portrait of the fourth Earl, builder of the Abbey; right, a Mortlake tapestry

John Cura



'Harvesting Spaghetti in Switzerland': an item in 'Panorama' on All Fools' Day

shire where I plunged two miles deep into the bowels of the earth to watch the mining of iron ore under the guidance of Raymond Baxter and Bob Danvers-Walker.

Mr. Chataway's second programme on Warsaw, an item in a particularly good 'Panorama', made ample amends for my disappointment in his first. His account of what he saw and learned of present conditions and the mood of the Polish people was lively, admirably arranged, and full of striking details including some revealing talks with officials and ordinary citizens and illustrated by a series of excellent shots of the city. In fact this programme provided everything I found lacking in the first.

'Panorama' included also some information of a different kind in startling contrast with its usual serious tone. Its theme may be said to fall under the heading of Unnatural History. I refer to the charmingly illustrated talk on the gathering of the spaghetti harvest in Switzerland. It was beautifully done, tricked out with a number of those convincing details which compel belief, and never once abandoning the seriousness which is essential to the success of this kind of April foolery.

A visit by television to a great house is a tantalising privilege in which the visitor must be content with bits and pieces, with rooms which never enclose him in their warm cubic reality but merely face him in a series of three-

dimensional screens, with pictures and tapestries that slide past him almost before he has focused them, and—greatest deprivation of all—an absence of colour in scenes in which colour is actually one of the chief elements. Tantalising indeed, but much better than nothing at all, and especially so when the great house is Woburn Abbey with its unique collection of old masters and other treasures, not to mention the house itself.

Colour was what viewers missed, so we gathered from Raymond Baxter's rapturous exclamations when the molten metal flowed from the great blast furnace known as Queen Anne in Lincolnshire. This was one of the impressive scenes shown in the first programme of a new series called 'Now' which under-

takes to transport us every Wednesday to places and experiences which are unlikely to come the way of most of us. The programme opened two miles underground in the Dragonby mine where we watched various machines at work and learned something about them from Mr. Baxter's talk with their operators. The grim underworld of the mine and the glowing river of metal in the later scenes at the blast furnace could hardly fail to stir the imagination of all who viewed this programme, but there are people who regard machinery not merely with boredom but with horror, and for such folk this aspect of human ingenuity may have proved uninspiring despite the high quality of the camera work.

'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' occupied itself once again with architecture. As chairman John Betjeman gave a brilliant display of the vague, fumbling technique which he has tuned up

to a fine art, and the team, John Summerson, R. Furneaux Jordan, and S. J. Garton (who replaced Jack Simmons at short notice) gave a wonderful display not only of their wide acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of buildings ancient and modern in the Midland region but also of the power to defy their few blind spots by arriving through skilful deduction at the date, locality, and even sometimes the architect of buildings unknown to them.

A succulent item in the 'Anglo-French Fortnight' we are now celebrating was the preparation of 'Aylesbury duckling *Entente Cordiale*' by Raymond Oliver, a Parisian chef, assisted by Roma Fairley who not only ministered to his constant demands for large quantities of butter, olive oil, brandy, port, and a variety of utensils, but also tactfully guided him in the employment of our language. It was a delight to watch M. Oliver's deft manipulation of the multiplicity of ingredients and to listen to the lively dialogue between him and his partner. To hear and watch the whole process of the recipe was worth all the cookery-books in creation. The one thing that television was, alas, powerless to impart was the scent, taste, and colour of the completed *chef-d'oeuvre*.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG



'Anglo-French Fortnight': Raymond Oliver, assisted by Roma Fairley, demonstrating the preparation of Aylesbury duckling *Entente Cordiale* on April 5



Alan Badel as Fouquier-Tinville and Patricia Jessel as Theresia in 'The Public Prosecutor' on April 7

DRAMA

Party Pieces

I LOOKED at the programme incredulously, but there it stood: 8.15 to 10.0 p.m., 105 minutes in all, if my arithmetic survived. Rudolph Cartier, the producer, still no doubt a little dazed, confirmed it in a prefatory article. Ironically, the play to be given this extra quarter of an hour was all about the guillotine (the blade fell with a clang, both to begin and to end the night). Would 'The Public Prosecutor' be worth the concession? Let me say, and almost unreservedly, that it was.

The date was August 1794. A first long shot, the opening of the shutters in the Public Prosecutor's office in the Conciergerie, might almost have symbolised the letting in of day after the murky-red night of the Terror. But it was not yet time, for one head had still to fall. Whose head? Fritz Hochwaelder, his text rendered flexibly by Kitty Black, gave the answer in one of the most intricately contrived plays I have met.

I emphasise the play's contrivance, for that is its first merit. It is, of course, unhistorical. Hochwaelder has invented and telescoped; but his plot comes to us as if it might be attested record. The dramatist has persuaded himself; in doing so he persuades us. He and Mr. Cartier had the help of a governing performance by Alan Badel who, on Sunday's form, might have won us to anything.

Mr. Badel acted the Public Prosecutor, Fouquier-Tinville, a man like a sleek and dangerous black panther. Carlyle, who is required reading, called him 'ferret-visaged', and, again, 'a rat-eyed Incarnation of Attorneyism'. Panther and rat: there is the difference between the play and historical truth. Actually, Fouquier-Tinville, who had sent so many to the guillotine, batch upon batch in his tumbrils, fell in May 1795, nearly ten months after the rebellion that deposed Robespierre. We are told that he 'died hard enough', the people howling at him 'Where are thy Batches?' and Fouquier replying, 'Hungry *canaille*, is thy bread cheaper, wanting them?'

There one can almost hear Mr.

has not failed to sharpen the irony. 'Today', says Fouquier, 'a man's in power, tomorrow under six feet of dirt'. And again: 'You shall have your quick reward', promises Theresia, and the reign of terror shall come to an end'.

It is sheer theatricalism; we are grateful for it. The play moves slowly, but it is the inexorable pace of the tumbrel: we know that Fouquier is delivering himself, bound, to the guillotine and the lime-pits. The dramatist has concentrated upon him. Other parts are lightly enough pencilled: Fouquier is drawn in detail. On Sunday Alan Badel, quick, sardonic, self-confident, had an exciting defiant flaunt as he rose at last to the forensic fury of that speech ('I accuse . . . I charge . . .') in which the Public Prosecutor, at every word, condemns himself. This man would have bowed—at a safe distance—to Richard of Gloucester and Iago. (Each, I think, would have enjoyed himself thoroughly during the Terror.)

Other players formed the right frame for Fouquier: Patricia Jessel, the 'Madonna of the August rebellion', who reminded me at one point of Thomas Lawrence's terrifying sketch of Maria Siddons, Sarah's daughter; Laurence Payne as Tallien, the man on a knife-edge (Theresia, recorded Carlyle, 'was married to her

Badel's voice. Still, Hochwaelder, for theatre's sake, crams everything into a single day, August 20, 1794. Robespierre had died on July 28, called 10th Thermidor. The play lets only three weeks slip before Theresia Tallien, who was Theresia Cabarus, brings Fouquier himself to the guillotine. This is managed with extraordinary craft. Unknowing, the apparently unassailable Fouquier appoints his judge, suborns his witnesses, orders the Chief Executioner of Paris to sharpen the blade.

At the secret trial in the Conciergerie he is unaware of the name upon the warrant the Judge must read. He believes it to be that of Theresia's husband, Tallien, and the dramatist

red-gloomy Dis, whom they say she treats too loftily'); Stanley van Beers, Chief Executioner of Paris, as concerned for the reputation of his mystery as Shaw's Master Executioner of Rouen; and that fine sound-radio artist, Anthony Jacobs, as one of Fouquier's despicable witnesses. Mr. Cartier's production was properly and expertly to the point: the play could speak for itself, and it will be surprising if it does not speak upon the London stage—on its merits as a drama of the Revolution rather than for any possible modern analogies.

Mr. Eliot's 'The Cocktail Party' (ninety minutes) returned, I thought, spectrally: a pleading ghost. (Today the town talks of legless ancients in garbage-cans, and the other immensely genial inventions of Mr. Beckett.) The company, directed by Michael Barry, took us gravely through the ritual, the soul-searching on various levels, and Ralph Michael, guardian-in-chief, showed again his natural authority.

Ian Dallas' serial 'Joyous Errand', began in so choking a mist of exposition that by the time we reached Cornwall, where presumably the fun began, I wanted only a cold compress and a few hours' peace. We are, apparently, in search of a shirt: I did not take to a young man who said 'So you want me in some way to finalise this'. Let me say, hastily, that this is a first and peevish view; possibly by the end of the second episode I shall be frantic with excitement. So wait for it: all may yet be well.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Method in Madness

IN *Punch* THE OTHER DAY Alex Atkinson was in excellent fooling about the Method. A Stanislavsky attempt to produce 'Peter Pan' at the Moscow Arts Theatre was frustrated, he alleged, by failure to find anywhere in Russia an actor willing to cut off his hand to play Captain Hook. (At that rate they could purge the whole profession by putting 'Titus Andronicus' in the repertory.) The celebrated Method is fine for plays like Ibsen's, where everything that is going to happen has happened, the characters are only waiting to find out what it was. It is chancy with Chekhov, where nobody has learned anything from experience and everybody is waiting for things to happen that we know are not going to happen. It is poison for a poet

like Shakespeare, who makes his own masterly selection from reality, and doesn't want his old bones dug up and dragged back into the house. It is helpful in Hollywood, where dialogue is so inane that the only way to create a character is to take it with you. But the man in the theatre to whom Stanislavsky's theory of living the part is indispensable is the man no one in the theatre bothers about: the author. Acting is an interpretative art. Playwriting is, or ought to be, creative art. How can a dramatist create intense experience, in any convention, without himself, in some sort, living through it first? Far-sighted actors would do themselves a bit of good by handing over their treatises on the Method to their prospective playwrights.

Strindberg's 'The Father', with which the Third wound up its maddest March last week, is the *locus classicus* for any deep discussion of how far author and actor can or should go in living the part. It was staged in 1887. In the preceding year its manic-depressive author



Scene from 'The Cocktail Party' on April 4 with (left to right) Eileen Peel as Lavinia Chamberlayne, Ralph Michael as Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, and John Robinson as Edward Chamberlayne

developed dark doubts about the paternity of his first child. 'By the end of 1886', wrote Martin Lamm, a Stockholm professor of drama who died a few years ago,

his wife, Siri von Essen, had asked a Swiss doctor for advice about her husband's state of mind... Of all the plays which have been written with madness as their theme none has been composed in such a state of tension. Every moment Strindberg was expecting the doors of the asylum to close implacably behind him.

Two nights before the *première* Strindberg himself wrote:

I don't know if 'The Father' is an invention or if my life has been so, but I feel that at a given moment, not far off, this will be revealed to me, and then I shall crash either into insanity or into suicide.

The nameless Captain is no longer captain of his soul when first we see him. His fiendish wife is deliberately undermining his sanity to get her own way with their girl. He ends up in the strait-jacket, whereupon she reverts to smothering mothering of her helpless husband. The drama explodes in the mind with volcanic force, and is superbly suited to radio. But if there was only pathology driving it there would be no play. What makes 'The Father' a macabre masterpiece is Strindberg's consummate control of the convention he was creating. It is spiritually apocalyptic and stylistically articulate. By the full look at the worst Strindberg saved his sanity.

So deeply does he probe his pain that the part can be played to perfection only by an actor who has in his own make-up something of the diabolical spiritual vitality and the consummate control of his craft with which Strindberg struck the white-hot iron of his inspiration into shape. Wilfrid Lawson's searing performance at the Arts Theatre Club a year or two ago branded its name upon the part. In the B.B.C. production Jack Hawkins did everything that a first-class English actor can do without that infernal inspiration. Googie Withers created the wife with complete conviction. I never doubted that Miss Withers was a good straight actress, but this time she excelled herself, conveying every nuance in her voice. John Gibson's production unerringly tightened the grip on the mind as the play proceeded and made no mistake with the terrible tenderness of its ending. Will he please now turn to O'Neill's Strindbergian 'Moon for the Misbegotten'?

The difference between living a part and thinking it up was neatly exemplified next night, in the Home Service 'Man at Night' a first-rate psychological thriller about a blind man whose wife is also trying to drive him mad. Brilliantly produced by Michael Bakewell, excellently acted by James McKechnie, Ursula Howells and the others, this was absorbing, exciting radio drama. Yet there was the categorical difference that sets an artistic abyss between the conscious contrivance of a clever and imaginative mind and the controlled elemental outburst from the deepest levels of life experience of a major dramatist.

The Goons are a man-made madhouse. They need no wives to send them round the bend, they are crazy in their own right. They wound up their series in the *Light* last week with Roman scandals and gaga gags that, as Noël Coward's Lily Pepper said, 'were 'as-beens when your grandmother fell off the 'igh wire'. 'I come from Wales'. 'I can see you don't come from sardines'. That was the sort of thing. How funnily flat Robert Moreton could make these whiskered jests from his Bumper Fun Book fall. The studio audience laughed like mad. My critical countenance, noting the triumph of speed and vocal antics over antique material, remained uncreased. But maybe I'm crazy.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Prehistory

EACH WEEK there is usually such a wealth of interesting new talks and discussions for me to choose from for the purposes of this column that an occasional thin week stands out from the rest. A number of successful programmes of a few months ago were repeated: Mr. Frank Kermode's 'A Myth of Catastrophe', which produced good controversy in the correspondence columns of this journal, and has been frequently referred to in articles in other literary journals; 'The Epistle to Lord Burlington' of Pope, read by Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley to great effect. These were both in the Third Programme, as were the first two parts of a reading by Mr. Anthony Jacobs of 'Modern Love'. But the outstanding talks of the week were the first three in a projected series on 'The Indo-Europeans'—two given by Professor L. R. Palmer, and one by Mr. R. A. Crossland.

The scholars of our age seem to have responded with more vigour and scientific accuracy than those of any previous period to the challenge and mystery of prehistoric cultures; and they have reached a point when they are prepared to offer the fruits of research and arcane detective work to the likes of us. Penguin Books are constantly publishing popular works by scholars on pre-classical civilisation, Messrs. Thames and Hudson have published the first two volumes of a series on 'Ancient Peoples and Places', and the Third Programme has for many years taken a lead in this excellent task of popularisation. I myself find a common fault in almost all these books and talks—though one that is unavoidable at this stage; the meticulous examination of evidence requires meticulous specialisation, so that archaeologists, philologists, ethnologists, and other experts each approach a remote culture from their own particular point of view. An admirable book on Peru in the Thames and Hudson series approached this particular culture almost exclusively from the point of view of potsherds, with the result that the wider anthropological perspective of religion and tribal custom was lost. Another Frazer must soon rise to study the whole evidence.

The first three talks about the Indo-Europeans were given by philologists, but it would be unfair to accuse them of a too blinkered attitude to the subject. They referred to the parallel work of archaeologists with respect and gratitude, but one did not sense any great unity between the two activities. But I expect most literary-minded listeners shared my pleasure at finding an ancient people discussed from the point of view of words and language rather than shaft-graves and sherds. I once whiled away a few of the tedious hours of a long journey alone on foot by playing an etymological game; I thought of a word and followed it down the channels of the smattering of languages at my disposal. It was a good game, and the study of the Indo-Europeans seems to have been largely a grandiose version of it. The task has been to study the spread of this parent people into Europe and Asia from their original home near the Black Sea by the recurrence of word patterns. If a word in Latin, Greek, or Welsh can be linked with a word in Sanskrit or more modern Indian languages, then that word will almost certainly have been Indo-European in origin, and can be used to indicate the nature of Indo-European culture. Thus the relation between *rex* and *raja* shows that the parent people had the idea of kingship.

By these fascinating means Professor Palmer showed how a fairly clear picture of the Indo-Europeans could be built up, and how by still subtler philological sleuthing it could be shown how the nomadic spread to the east reduced

agricultural activity, while those who spread west and began to people the peninsulas of the Mediterranean increased their agricultural activity as they settled on the good land. In the third of the talks Professor Palmer discussed in some detail the coming of the Indo-Europeans, in the form of Greeks, to the Aegean peninsula, and suggested that they overlaid an original 'proto' Indo-European offshoot which had preceded them.

I am grateful to Professor Palmer and Mr. Crossland, who spoke on the Hittites, for a great deal of illumination on a subject I had always found obscure. Listening to them I felt some echo of the strange sense of mystery I had felt when, last summer, I found myself standing among the huge funerary urns excavated some years ago on the island of Lipari; no one knows the history of the people whose calcined remains lay in these urns that pointed towards the rising sun—and faced with such mystery the imagination is aroused only to withdraw later in bafflement. These talks have produced a chink of light.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

Two Unfamiliar Operas

ON ONE EVENING last week the B.B.C. offered two unfamiliar operas: Weber's 'Abu Hassan' in the Third Programme and Nino Rota's 'The Two Shy People' in the Home Service. In each case a fluent English version had been provided by David Harris. Since both operas are meant purely as light entertainment, they can reasonably be judged together, and unquestionably the Home Service offering fared the better. The Weber work, a one-act opera in the *Singspiel* tradition, proved in this production to be entertainment of the jejunest kind. On the stage I suppose one could muster up a laugh at the spectacle of the feigned deaths in turn of Abu Hassan, and his wife, and the collection of funeral expenses by each impoverished partner on the strength thereof. Without the visual element it all fell deplorably flat: while some of the singing was passable, the spoken passages were often delivered in an exaggerated, 'amateur-theatricals' manner. Perhaps a double cast of singers and actors would have improved matters.

Nino Rota is a most successful Italian composer especially of film and stage music. 'The Two Shy People' ('I Due Timidi'), an opera specially written for broadcasting, is a highly-skilled, somewhat synthetic score, in the Menotti manner (or, it occurs to me, is Menotti in the Rota manner?). Some operas allegedly written for broadcasting seem none the less to be uncomfortable adaptations of stage works. This was not the case here: the piece was clearly planned in every detail for the medium of radio, its flimsy but charming little plot being simple and satisfying for the visual imagination to follow. The singing part of the Narrator helped the listener along where needed. It was, furthermore, beautifully sung by Arnold Matters, as were the parts of the two shy lovers (who by a diverting final twist do *not* break down their reserve and marry each other) by Marion Lowe and Lloyd Strauss-Smith. I do not want to make exaggerated claims for this work and I would not want to hear it too often. But in its unambitious, light-fingered way it achieved perfectly what it set out to do. It also demonstrated that operatic entertainment in sound broadcasting is not irrevocably losing the day to television.

During a week in which the interest was predominantly vocal, the outstanding event was the relay from Manchester of the Hallé's performance of Mahler's 'Das Lied von der Erde'. This is a work very much after Barbirolli's heart and the performance in many ways fulfilled one's high expectations. Of the two soloists Richard

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Lewis was unable, partly no doubt owing to faulty balancing, to penetrate sufficiently in the opening *Trinklied*, where admittedly the tenor is at times 'struggling against uneven orchestral odds. But the balance improved as the work progressed and there was as usual much to admire in his splendidly masculine singing. The contralto, Kerstin Meyer, was new to me and, I expect, to many listeners. She is a young Swedish artist from the Stockholm Opera. Officially a mezzo, her voice was rich and almost always satisfying even in the lower reaches of this contralto part. Her final movement, the long and taxing '*Der Abschied*', was beautifully sung: here only an out-of-tune celesta provided a small jarring note. I hope we shall hear more of this singer.

Another vocal performance of distinction was Alexander Young's recital of Hugo Wolf songs. The control—especially in soft, high passages—

the phrasing, the sense of style and characterisation, combined with excellent diction, all contributed to a half-hour of remarkable artistry.

New orchestral music of the week did not add up to much. A ballet suite by the apparently popular Hungarian composer Ferenc Farkas was at its best when cheerfully rowdy and where little real invention was called for. A work also derived from ballet was Samuel Barber's '*Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance*'. This is a re-working of material originally written for the dancer Martha Graham and her company but despite a certain quality of dramatic tension the music does not seem quite convincingly organised to stand on its own as a concert work.

Rudolf Schwarz and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra did us a service by reviving, in a carefully prepared performance, Bax's last Symphony, No. 7. I see that a Peruvian visitor has

recently criticised English food as being 'uncondimental'. I can think of English composers to whom this delightful adjective could apply. Bax was not among them. On the contrary his top dressing of superbly luxuriant orchestration remains unequalled in modern English music. Was it, however, covering basic material which does not wear too well and which sometimes fails to sustain the interest of a prolonged symphonic movement? I am afraid that this may be so and that Bax's sheer wizardry and facility in handling a large orchestra tended to seduce him from the task of cogent thinking.

The best of Bax, I suggest, is to be found away from the orchestra—in the choral works and in chamber music such as, especially, the Piano Quintet and the Harp Nonet. Broadcast revivals of such works as these would indeed be welcome.

ALAN FRANK

Maurice Duruflé and his Requiem

By FELIX APRAHAMIAN

The Requiem will be broadcast at 8.35 p.m. on Monday, April 15, and 7.25 p.m. the following day (both Third)

MAURICE DURUFLÉ must be accounted one of the most tongued-tied composers who have ever lived, for at fifty-five his compositions—and some of them are slight—do not exceed ten in number. In this, and in his extreme fastidiousness, he resembles his master, Paul Dukas, who published only one work more and was equally self-critical. But whereas the composer of '*La Péri*' wrote far more than he released—he ordered a quantity of manuscripts, including that of a completed violin and piano sonata, to be destroyed after his death—Duruflé is a much slower worker, and his ten works represent the sum total of his creative effort. The first of these, a '*Triptyque*' for piano composed thirty years ago, he has never published, and the fifth, a three-movement Suite—for his own instrument, the organ—consisting of a sombre Prelude, a lovely Sicilienne with Ravelian harmonies, and an exciting Toccata which is popular among organists with a technique equal to it, he no longer chooses to play.

For Duruflé, composition is a very laborious process: he writes with difficulty and subjects his works to unending revisions before issuing them. His preferred media are the organ, on which he is a highly skilled performer, and the orchestra—he has played with one for years as organist to the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire in Paris. He considers that these two seemingly inexhaustible worlds of sound still offer rich possibilities, whereas he modestly regards himself as 'incapable of adding anything significant to the pianoforte repertory, views the string quartet with apprehension and envisages with terror the idea of composing a song after the finished examples of Schubert, Fauré and Debussy'.

This timidity and extreme concern about what he sets down on paper, rather than painstaking researches in a new musical language, are responsible for so modest an output. Unlike his friend and fellow-student, Olivier Messiaen, Duruflé is no innovator. Unmoved by the experimentation which has surrounded him, standing aside from fashionable *avant-garde* movements, feeling no compulsion to forge a style which must at all costs sound new, Duruflé looks backward rather than forward. His music fuses two streams—the modality which derives from his liturgical background as an organist, and the harmonies that colour the compositions of his seniors, Debussy, Ravel and

his own master, Dukas. This fusion may be observed in his *Trois Danses*, Op. 6 (1936), for orchestra, which, although far removed from the spirit of plain-chant, shows its influence in the use of modal tunes.

By themselves, the obvious sincerity and impeccable craftsmanship of Duruflé's work would not suffice to justify the respect it commands, but the aristocratic and completely integrated nature of his musical thought does. The synthesis effected by his music results in a language which, although old-fashioned by serialist standards, has its own personal accent.

Duruflé's training began in the choir-school of Rouen Cathedral before the first world war. After it, he went to study at the Paris Conservatoire, and also became assistant-organist at Sainte-Clotilde to Charles Tournemire, one of Franck's last pupils and one of the great unknowns of French music, most of whose large-scale works still await a hearing. Later, Duruflé deputised for Louis Vierne at Notre-Dame. Since 1930, he has been organist at Saint-Etienne-du-Mont. Duruflé's first organ piece, the Scherzo, Op. 2 (1926), which also exists in orchestral form as Op. 8 (1940), shows the influence of Tournemire, but it was the 'second one that first attracted attention to Duruflé as a composer, a '*Prélude, Adagio et Choral varié*', Op. 4 (1929), which won first prize in a competition organised by Les Amis de l'Orgue. Based on the plain-chant *Veni Creator Spiritus*, it establishes the modality, refined counterpoint and delicate harmonic colouring which constitute his musical personality, and heralds the Requiem, Op. 9 (1947), which speaks an identical language.

The Requiem is Duruflé's largest and most important work. Dedicated to the memory of his father, it owes its origin to a commission from his publishers which arrived when he was working on a suite of organ pieces. This happened to be based on plain-chant themes from the Mass for the Dead, and so lent itself admirably to expansion and transformation into a Requiem. The model for Duruflé's work is obviously the Requiem of Gabriel Fauré, which, after half a century of neglect, has come into its own as one of the best-loved works in the choral and orchestral repertory. Duruflé sets the identical Latin text, but by separating the Introit from the Kyrie, and the *Agnus Dei* from the *Lux aeterna*, he divides his Requiem into nine sections, where Fauré's falls into seven. Duruflé

uses a slightly larger orchestra than Fauré, but his use of two soloists is similar: the baritone shares the *Domine Jesu Christe* and the *Libera me* with the choir, and the *Pie Jesu* is a solo for the mezzo-soprano (in dialogue with a solo cello, very lightly accompanied by muted strings and organ).

The restraint which characterises Duruflé as a composer is, inevitably, noticeable in his Requiem, as it is also a feature of Fauré's. The generally subdued nature of the text is perfectly matched in both works with music which does it no violence. Duruflé's version, although just as integrated as Fauré's, offers slightly more variety, for its material is older (the smooth lines of plain-chant are recognisable; they are not just pressed into service as *canti fermi*), and its instrumental garb is newer—the orchestra of Debussy, Ravel and Dukas holds no secrets for Duruflé. A feature of the Requiem is the extraordinarily subtle and appropriate manner in which the texture of music is varied. It is instructive to compare the firm four-part choral polyphony of the Kyrie with the more ethereal sound, but rarer and richer harmony, of the final *In Paradisum*, where Duruflé uses added notes as he pleases, even ending the work on a dominant ninth.

Plain-chant and polyphony, dominant ninths and the orchestra of Debussy—without the evidence of an actual performance, Duruflé's Requiem might appear to be a hotch-potch. But it is the absolute unification in a very personal manner of these seemingly disparate elements that constitutes Duruflé's chief claim to be taken seriously as a composer. His Requiem may easily gain the esteem and affection in which Fauré's is held, and even if his *oeuvre* never numerically exceeds that of his compatriots Dukas or Duparc, he will not have composed in vain.

Pepe Solsona, whose cookery talks on television have made him known to a large audience, has now put his recipes into a more durable medium—*The Casa Pepe Book of Spanish Cooking*, edited by M. D. Mainwaring Evans, with a foreword by P. Ustinov, and decorations by Bruce Petty (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). The book leads the reader through all that is best in Spanish cooking from *aceite* (olive oil) and *ajo* (garlic), through *cebolla* (onion) to *zarzuela* (fish stew). The first three items, separately or together, are used in nearly every recipe, but Senor Solsona anticipates English criticism of these ingredients and advises the novice in their use.

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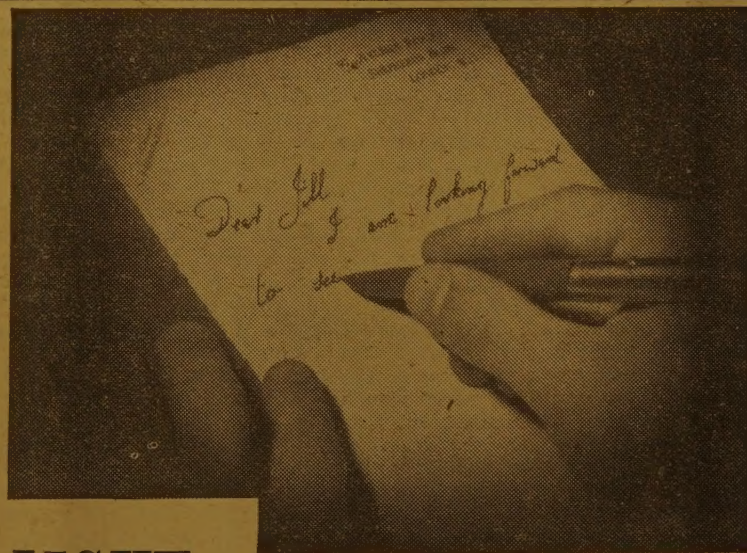
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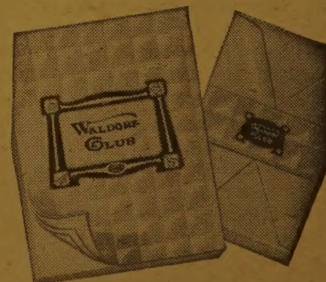
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A LISTENER ASKS how to deal with a troublesome stain on the ceiling caused by a recent leak in the roof. These water stains can be very persistent, continuing to 'bleed' through any number of coats of distemper unless adequate precautions are taken.

The most certain way is to wash off the ceiling right down to the plaster. When dry, cover the stain with a coat of 'knotting', followed by a coat of flat, white paint. A paint shop will supply both of these. Allow to dry thoroughly before whitening the ceiling in the usual way.

Another listener asks what can be done about a water-pipe from which condensation drips down the wall as soon as the room temperature begins to rise. The pipe cannot be properly lagged owing to its close proximity to the wall and ceiling. A simple remedy would be to buy a tin of anti-condensation compound from a paint shop, and give the pipe one or two coats. This preparation is a paint to which a quantity of powdered cork has been added, and it will absorb a certain amount of moisture. A more certain cure would be to box the pipe in with wooden slats, lining the box with glass wool. This would insulate the pipe from the heat of the room and so prevent condensation altogether.

J. P. MOSTYN

BOILER CHIMNEYS

Nowadays, more and more homes are relying on domestic boilers burning coke or anthracite or other boiler fuels for their supply of hot water. Sometimes they are combined with cookers. Up-to-date boilers of this sort are usually efficient and give excellent service, but many people who have had them in their homes for ten years or more have discovered defects in the chimneys, and the Building Research Station has investigated the problem.

The defects are of two types; one kind is seen inside the house and the other in the brickwork at the top of the chimney. Inside the house, brown or black stains may appear on the wallpaper or distemper near the flue. Usually the stains will be found near the upstairs ceiling and they often spread to the ceiling itself. The patch may be damp to the touch,

particularly when the weather is muggy, and it may smell unpleasantly. Outside the house, the top of the chimney may split, or twist, or lean over, and the mortar may drop out from between the bricks. If the outside of the chimney is covered with pebbledash or with a smooth rendering of some kind, these coatings may crack badly and lumps may fall off.

As a result of our investigations, in which the National Federation of Building Trades Employers has collaborated, it is now known that both the staining and the cracking are the direct result of condensation of moisture in the chimney. It is often thought that moisture from outside the flue is the cause, but this is not the case.

How does it get there? Whenever any fuel—like coal or coke or even gas—is burnt, it produces moisture. With open fires (even the slow-burning ones) which are usually burning brightly, and in any case have plenty of air passing through the fireplace opening, the moisture passes right out into the open air and no damage is done. But with a slow-burning domestic boiler the moisture condenses on the inside of the chimney brickwork towards the top and makes the stack wet. The moisture carries with it chemicals out of the smoke which attack the mortar and in time lead to the troubles I have described. These may show themselves within as short a time as two or three years, though they may take over twenty-five years to appear.

In a home that has one of these boilers and where, so far, no trouble is showing itself, the thing to do is to burn dry fuel, so as to keep the moisture entering the chimney to the lowest possible quantity. Obviously, you must store the fuel under cover to keep the rain off it. Another important thing you must do is to avoid burning kitchen waste, which always contains a lot of moisture even if it appears to be dry. These two steps together will delay the trouble as long as possible, but there is no guarantee that they will prevent it altogether. So let me now deal with the question of repairs.

If the chimney itself is affected, simple rebuilding is not enough. The chimney must be lined with something that will not allow the moisture to pass into the brickwork. Asbestos cement pipe is one possibility, and glazed

earthenware pipe—drainpipes—another. If your chimney has not been affected outside, but you have got stained plaster inside, again simple replastering and redecoration is not enough. The chimney itself must still be lined to guard against any further trouble, even if it appears from the outside to be sound.

The treatment of the staining itself will depend on its extent and on its position. Some people may get away with covering the patch with a thin metal foil and decorating over that, but others have had to replace the brickwork, then replaster and redecorate. You will need a builder either for the chimney or for the plaster, but you should make sure he knows what the trouble is and how to deal with it. A leaflet which you can get from Her Majesty's Stationery Office at 5d. post free (Building Research Station Digest No. 60) gives full details and would be well worth getting.

These defects are not the fault of the boiler. The modern boiler is an excellent and efficient appliance, doing a first-rate job. Neither are the defects the fault of the builder. It took about fifteen years after domestic boilers became popular for the first of these troubles to appear, and knowledge of them is only now becoming at all widespread. If you are having a new house built and are going to have one of these boilers installed, make sure the chimney is lined when the house is built.

H. J. ELDRIDGE

Notes on Contributors

- GEOFFREY GOODMAN (page 583): industrial correspondent of the *News Chronicle*.
- BEN ROBERTS (page 584): Reader in Industrial Relations, London University; author of *Trade Union Government and Administration in Great Britain*
- DAVID WORSWICK (page 586): Lecturer in Economics, Oxford University; author of *Modern Man's Living Standards*, (with P. H. Ady) *The British Economy 1945-1950*, etc.
- TERENCE PRITTE (page 587): *The Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany

Crossword No. 1,402. False Trail. By Esrom

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 18. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

1		2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20		21	22
23	24	25		26	27

CLUES

- (1-12)² - (1-2)² = (5-11)² - (23-24)² =
- (7-6)² - (24-20)² = (9-8)² = (11-4)² -
- (9-15)² = (13-3)² - (21-17)² = (16-25)² -
- (10-21)² = (18-19)² - (25-19)² = (22-27)² -
- (26-27)² = (25-14)² - (25-26)²

A	S	T	E	R	N	G	R	A	V	E	L
G	O	A	T	I	L	O	O	M	E	T	A
R	I	T	A	D	A	N	E	Y	E	A	R
E	L	O	P	E	D	E	R	O	S	E	V
E	Y	E	S	H	E	R	E	S	A	L	A
D	A	L	E	D	N	E	P	E	R	A	L
C	H	A	S	T	E	N	A	V	E	R	T
O	L	P	P	A	L	E	N	E	V	E	R
V	I	S	A	P	A	W	N	R	A	S	A
E	B	E	L	L	T	R	A	Y	T	A	I
R	A	N	D	Y	E	A	S	T	E	R	N
T	R	A	C	E	R	T	H	A	M	E	S

NOTE

8D. Chapter 36 of Kenilworth.
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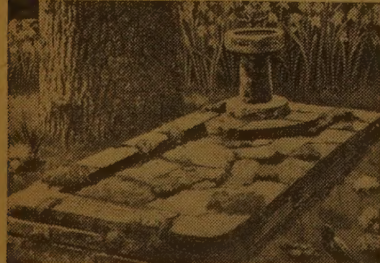
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